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{ From Beginning,  
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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## THE ORCHARD AND THE HEATH.

I CHANCED upon an early walk to spy  
A troop of children through an orchard gate :  
The boughs hung low, the grass was high ;  
They had but to lift hands or wait  
For fruits to fill them ; fruits were all their sky.

They shouted, running on from tree to tree,  
And played the game the wind plays, on and  
round.

'Twas visible invisible glee  
Pursuing ; and a fountain's sound  
Of laughter spouted, pattering fresh on me.

I could have watched them till the daylight  
fled,  
Their pretty bower made such a light of day.  
A small one tumbling sang, "Oli ! head !"   
The rest to comfort her straightway  
Seized on a branch and thumped down apples  
red.

The tiny creature flashing through green grass,  
And laughing with her feet and eyes among  
Fresh apples, while a little lass  
Over as o'er breeze-ripples hung :  
That sight I saw, and passed as aliens pass.

My footpath left the pleasant farms and lanes,  
Soft cottage-smoke, straight cocks a-crow, gay  
flowers ;

Beyond the wheel-ruts of the wains,  
Across a heath I walked for hours,  
And met its rival tenants, rays and rains.

Still in my view mile-distant firs appeared,  
When, under a patched channel-bank enriched  
With foxglove whose late bells drooped  
seared,

Behold, a family had pitched  
Their camp, and laboring the low tent up-  
reared.

Here, too, were many children, quick to scan  
A new thing coming ; swarthy cheeks, white  
teeth ;

In many-colored rags they ran,  
Like iron runlets of the heath.  
Dispersed lay broth-pot, sticks, and drinking-  
can.

Three girls, with shoulders like a boat at sea  
Tipp'd sideways by the wave (their clothing  
slid

From either ridge unequally),  
Lean, swift and voluble, bestrid  
A starting-point, unfrocked to the bent knee.

They raced ; their brothers yelled them on, and  
broke

In act to follow, but as one they snuffed  
Wood-fumes, and by the fire that spoke  
Of provender, its pale flame puffed,  
And rolled athwart dwarf furzes grey-blue  
smoke.

Soon on the dark edge of a ruddier gleam  
The mother-pot perusing, all, stretched flat,  
Paused for its bubbling-up supreme :  
A dog upright in circle sat,  
And oft his nose went with the flying steam.

I turned and looked on heaven awhile, where  
now  
The moor-faced sunset, broaden'd with red  
light,  
Threw high aloft a golden bough,  
And seemed the desert of the night  
Far down with mellow orchards to endow.  
Athenæum. GEORGE MEREDITH.

## MAID AND BOY.

COME, little maid, from youthful days,  
And let me paint you as you stood ;  
Your braided hair, your coyish ways,  
That would and would not when I would.

Your gown of cheekered calico,  
The tire of pink, I see them yet ;  
Your little shoes not made for show,  
The clean and scalloped pantalet.

I played with you in sun and shade,  
By roadside, yard, and alder streams ;  
With many a brake and birch we made  
The woven house of fairy beams,

Wherein we lived but for a day ;  
A sweeter spot on newer ground  
Allured us in the wooded way,  
And all was new we newly found.

We knew not love, we knew not jar,  
All things created but for toys ;  
The world a just illumined star,  
And full of little girls and boys.

Nothing was small to our great eyes,  
Nothing so common but we wondered ;  
One penny was a boundless prize  
To us, and five a little hundred.

The nearest hills were mountains then,  
The meadow endless where we played ;  
I never thought to be like men,  
And always should the maid be maid.

But now I am a man become,  
And you a woman grave and sweet ;  
And I no longer lead you home,  
Or in the brook bathe your pink feet.

What have we now that's like the past ?  
Our guileless hearts knew not its name ;  
But blest are we to know at last  
That what it was, 'tis still the same.  
Athenæum. JOHN ALBEE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

THE Suez Canal question presents so many different aspects that the treatment of it might easily assume encyclopædic proportions. The political and geographical chronicles of the isthmus, and the attempts made in ancient times to open a passage through it, constitute the history of civilization itself. The Isthmus of Suez is the best standpoint for the observation of humanity in its childhood. The scientific and economic records of the nineteenth century find their most interesting chapters in the works of the canal, in the modifications in the construction of vessels brought about by its navigation, as well as in the changes consequently effected in the great currents of commerce. The waters of the world, in their distribution over the surface of the globe and their movements in the basins which confine and direct them, have been the cause of human civilization, and have determined, by conditions which we can examine, the march of its commerce and its industry. The great valleys of the globe have been the main routes of human genius; and the basins of the great rivers, the offspring of nature, saw the birth of that commerce which has enriched the world. It has been reserved for our age to behold man in his turn creating, as it were, a new basin of a mighty stream, and thus completing the system of river routes which has ever strongly influenced the civilized societies of mankind.

It would be a mistake to see in the construction of a maritime canal by an illustrious Frenchman the only cause, or even the chief cause, of the interest taken by France in all that touches the water-way. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps is one of the glories of France; the country knows that the total value of the nation is augmented by the fact that she counts him among her sons. He has shared his personal renown with his fatherland, and every one in France feels that whatever happens to him attains the proportions of a national event. In thinking of him, men spontaneously repeat the saying of Terence concerning mankind: "Naught that affects him is indifferent to us."

Now it is certain that, if M. de Lesseps had applied his spirit of perseverance, his clear foresight, his power of unravelling the future of international relations — in a word, his genius, towards the conception and execution of any other idea, of whatsoever nature, in any other quarter of the globe, he would not have reaped the popular fame and national affection which in his green old age reward the efforts of his earlier years. In Panama M. de Lesseps would never have achieved the national grandeur which none now deny him, and of which he laid the foundations between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. And the reason is that Egypt has always filled, and still fills, every imagination in France, and that the traditions of France, ever revived by new events, incessantly carry her thoughts back to the banks of the Nile. Thus, when M. de Lesseps was seen planting upon this spot the banner of his noble enterprise, he was deemed to be France herself in one phase of her natural evolution. The idea of the Suez Canal is a French idea, carried out in a land where France has played a great and glorious part; and nothing could efface from the French mind the conviction that there is a national dignity to be upheld in all that affects the great work to which M. de Lesseps has bound his name.

There is, moreover, a particular virtue which adds to the nobility of the idea as it is conceived in France — that the scheme of piercing the Isthmus of Suez has been considered a grand peace-bearing conception. In the eyes of those who from a distance followed M. de Lesseps in his career, it seemed like another link added to the blessed and beneficent chain which binds peoples together in order to make them associates, allies, and friends. A grand idea of peace, that was at the same time a French idea, of which the nation felt proud — such was the conception which prevailed in France concerning the communication to be established between the two seas. It has sometimes been said that the French make war for an idea, and they have often seemed to welcome the reproach with a certain satisfaction. Not every one, they think, is

capable of having so robust a faith in his ideas, and they were proud to think that they were deemed capable of forgetting their interests for the sake of a noble passion. Horace has said : —

O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum est ;  
Virtus post nummos.

In France men were ready to believe that the world reversed the phrase when applying it to them, and said of them, *nummi post virtutem*. But it is equally true to say that France makes peace for an idea. Peace it was that she sought to make by the Suez Canal. This water in the midst of the lands, this inner sea of the ancient civilization, she converted into an ocean which reached out to, and with a new arm touched, the Indian Ocean. Is that idea of peace which was to be caught as in a fisherman's net and brought up from the depths of the Suez Canal, is that now changed for an idea of war? Will that cause which was to bring the nations together result in estranging them from each other? It is impossible, I will not say to desire, but even to suppose, for a single moment, that it can be so.

The mistakes of French policy in Egypt have obscured minds upon both sides of the Channel; but whatever those errors may have been, the fact remains established as firm as ever that the Anglo-French alliance, in the Mediterranean as elsewhere, is the surest pledge of the world's peace, and can best give unlimited scope to the economic progress of the two countries. The idea of an Egypt developing all its natural riches under the benevolent eye of France and England in close alliance is a political conception of the highest rank, which by the extension of its results should produce the most salutary effects upon the whole body politic of Europe. It has often been sought to give a form to this idea, and the policy which has been called the policy of the *condominium* has been, whatever may have been said of it, a happy phase of the Anglo-French alliance. I do not mean to say that the *condominium* was a necessary form of it, and one can easily understand that the alliance in Egypt might take another shape. It is

indubitable that improvements would have been made in the methods by which the Anglo-French influence worked, if the policy of the two countries had been directed in some other way during the mournful period of Arabi's attempt at revolution. Common action on the part of France and England would have led to a more speedy result, and one better for both the two powers, than that which was produced by the isolated action of England. But two faults were committed, both of which lie heavy upon the two nations. The policy of England was uncertain; it oscillated between a Turkish intervention, an intervention of the two powers, and an isolated intervention. The policy of France was timid; it made pretence of being European, instead of being and remaining Anglo-French alone; and at the end it committed the error of abdicating, at the moment when it ought to have acted. These two faults produced their consequences; England has undertaken a task which will give her very great anxieties, and she has not, from the point of view of Anglo-Indian interests, more security or more tranquillity, for a short or long term, than if her power had been shared at the same time as her difficulties. France, in drawing back, has been unable to explain the reasons, and, so to speak, the conditions of her withdrawal; and at the present time she seems to be in danger of losing that moral influence which she never meant to abandon, when she thought that she was only holding aloof, for her ally's advantage, from a political movement in which she believed she could leave the initiative to England. The political idea which has guided the conduct of France was wrong, but it was honest; it contained nothing adverse to the policy of the intimate alliance, the *entente cordiale*, between France and England. Thus it is with profound astonishment that we in France have seen the English press use towards us most outrageous expressions. Wounds have been inflicted which attempts must be made to heal. Those who have caused them are without excuse; and it is as true to say that they have failed in patriotism towards their own



country as in decency towards a great nation.

There is but one means of repairing the evil which the two countries did by the faultiness of their foreign policy in Egypt. England suffers, and will suffer, from the indecision which she showed at the beginning, and the disadvantages of her isolated position imposing on her an excessive responsibility. France suffers, and will suffer, from its impolitic resolve not to interfere, and from what has been considered an abandonment of its natural ally. It is on the soil of the Isthmus of Suez, in the settlement of the question of the canal, that the basis of a harmonious policy must be found. France only expects this, that her name and moral influence should still serve the cause of civilization in Egypt, without hurting England, but without being hurt by her. Whether France in Egypt be the guest of the khedive or of the empress of India, she has a right to be treated with the consideration due to an ally and friend. In return for this respect, England will find in France a support which she will certainly need some day, to prevent her influence from giving way before those eclipses which should always be looked for in Oriental politics. But how is this maintenance of the name of France at its due moral height to be achieved, concurrently with the increased political harmony of the two nations? By respecting the name of France in the Suez Canal, by showing that England has in view only the claims of justice, and is not pursuing a policy of ill-conceived egotism in all that concerns that international and pacific road which is the creation of a great Frenchman, in spite of the strenuous opposition of a great Englishman. The Suez Canal is the highway to India; it is an open route which England has the greatest interest in seeing frequented by all Europe, and especially by France. Has England ever dreamt of shutting India within its own confines, of closing Bombay or Calcutta against the industry and commerce of the world? Is not her colonial policy the policy of the greatest possible amount of liberty? England cannot dream of cutting off India at Port Said. The grand

highway of civilization ought to be traversed with equal liberty, and in equal security, by all the nations of the universe; and if this be true when speaking of all peoples, is it not still more true of France than of any other country?

In the future of the commercial relations of England and India, there is one problem which concerns much that is unknown; that is, the financial problem. If the coinage of the United States of America is the same as that of Great Britain, that is not true of the coinage of India. India is a country with a silver currency, and the adjustment of Anglo-Indian commerce is extremely difficult now, and may become still more so, by reason of the difference of money. Unless care be taken, the movement of Anglo-American business will tend more and more to the detriment of Anglo-Indian business, and the United States will take the place of India as the intermediaries of English commerce with China. It is in the power of France to re-establish the equilibrium; having the same currency as India, she can bring back, *via* Suez, to Europe all that might escape by way of America and California. France, then, has a like interest with England in the development, possibly boundless, of the relations of India with England and the continent of Europe. Even now Burmah sends her rice to Italy; even now the culture of wheat is making considerable progress in India. England and the continent of Europe will always have need of foreign corn; and in the same way as the ancient world had its granaries beyond Europe, in Africa, so do we modern peoples have ours also beyond Europe, in America, at the present time, but we can have them in India. It is, perhaps, we might even say certainly, an unpleasant fact for European agriculture; and the duty of the governments and peoples of old Europe is to deliver agriculture from the fetters of a legislation which in many countries is out of date. But whatever opinion may be held upon the extent and effects of the agricultural conflict raging between ancient Europe and the rest of the universe, whatever ideas of legislative reforms on behalf of agriculture and

landed property may prevail in the different nations of Europe, it is an incontestable truth that Europe will more and more have its granaries beyond its boundaries. Where shall we place them? With the help of France, and by means of the highway of the Suez Canal, England can place them in India.

It is not possible to foresee the extent of the extraordinarily favorable changes in the current of business in England, in the position of the banks, in the abundance of capital, and in the rate of interest, which would be the consequence of an importation of wheat arriving in Europe from India instead of America. If in the course of one year—an epoch of which a glimpse may be caught before the end of the century—we witnessed a change running through the currents of trade which should bring about a displacement of twenty millions sterling, only transferred from the commerce of America to that of India, we should see the happiest consequences issue from it, to the profit of England and the advantage of France. France, with its habit of using, and liking for silver,—identical with the habit and liking of India,—having a monetary currency which can form the reservoir of the Indian currency, is reciprocally in the best situation, thanks to the Suez Canal, to develop Anglo-Indian or Indo-European commerce in rice or in corn. The Suez Canal has created a community of interests between France and England,—interests moral, commercial, and social,—which must always be considered and appreciated at their full value, which ought to be extended, and which must never be sacrificed to a paroxysm of egotism, or speculation, or even simply of bad temper.

The phases of the discussion between the English government and M. de Lesseps are very instructive. They possess a degree of animation that has surprised public opinion in France. The question is asked, whether the name of France, which casts so brilliant a light over the canal company, was not in some respects aimed at by the shortsighted adversaries of the grand doctrine of the Anglo-French alliance. Why should so much frenzy be displayed in a question where frenzy is unnecessary, save to secure the triumph of right and justice? A great Frenchman, M. Thiers, said that interests are ferocious; and another great statesman, a great Englishman, said that public opinion was sometimes like a wild beast, which the government should keep an eye

on to escape being devoured. In France we have seen interests fall upon the railways, and under pretence of getting their produce carried cheaply, try to destroy all that France had spent so many years in establishing, viz., the administration of a network of railways, which has been little by little organized and extended, without causing any crisis in the circulation of capital, but giving a considerable impulse to the industry and commerce of the nation. Those very persons who did the most to excite the cupidity of private interests have been brought to acknowledge that they had let loose a wild beast without keeping further watch on it. Frenchmen ask whether the excitement which has arisen in the matter of the Suez Canal, extraordinary as it seems to simple spectators, had not some analogy with the movement and agitation about the question of the French railways which filled five sterile years with their useless fury and impolitic distrust. The comparison has not failed to suggest to men's minds the probable issue of a discussion which will pass through many phases, but which, no one doubts, will end as the dispute between the assailants and the defenders of the railway companies ended in France. Is it intended to oust M. de Lesseps from the legitimate fruits of his labors, in order to give English commerce the advantage of taxing itself at a low rate in the transit of its vessels through the Suez Canal? That is exactly the question that was asked in France. Were the railway companies to be pillaged of the legitimate fruits of their efforts, and to be ejected in order to give to those who gained the power of transporting their produce the right to fix the tariff? If the question had continued to be stated in these terms, the result would have been to tie with our own hands a Gordian knot which could not be unravelled except by the sword. Could it be supposed that the sword, that violence, that the English sword,—that is to say, English violence,—would cut an intricacy of right and commerce, at the risk of simultaneously wounding with that blade not only France, but that which is greater than France, eternal justice?

It has often been observed that men do for others what they would not care to do for themselves, and that they act as intermediaries or agents with less scruple than on their own account. England cannot present such a spectacle. That which she would not do herself she cannot do under an assumed name; and if she has the right to dispose of the khedive's sig-

nature, she will not put it to any acts by procurement, save upon the same terms upon which she would have given her own signature. There is but one way out of the entanglement; namely, to follow the paths of justice and reason. England is the most important of M. de Lesseps' partners in the enterprise of the canal; she ought to seek out and determine equitably the share which legitimately belongs to her in the administration of the business. A share in the joint control cannot be refused to a government who is a shareholder to such an extent. But we know that the power of the members in general council is not measured by the number of votes; there is a moral influence which depends upon the weight of the speaker. There are always two influential voices at the councils of the Suez Canal Company; first, that of M. de Lesseps, a French voice, which France is pleased to know is listened to, and which cannot be stifled without wronging and wounding the country which saw his birth. But there is also the voice of England, represented by eminent men, who not only are always heard with deference, but whose counsels meet with attention, because they are the representatives of a great government, and because they exercise their rights with an authority that no one contests. The legitimate influence of England in the administration of the Suez Canal will consequently always receive due consideration.

But if England is the most important of the partners, she is also the most important of the clients, as she makes use of the canal in a much greater proportion than all the rest of the world together. That is a reason for her watching over the company in order to be sure that it treats its clients with moderation; but it certainly is not one for obtaining from the company special treatment for her own countrymen. France, whose vessels are much less numerous, does not attach any less importance than England to the point that the conditions of transit should be easy, and that the tariffs should be as low as possible. From this point of view there cannot be any divergence between English and French interests. It is a general question, and if it fall to the French government to solve it, it will do so with as much independence, and with as much regard for maritime commerce, as would the English government itself. France, quite as much as England, is interested in the traffic being satisfied. She demands, like England, the doubling

of the canal, if the traffic render it necessary; just as she required the French railway companies to double their lines when it became necessary, in order to satisfy the demands of commerce.

It is true that in France, and even in the Parliament, certain persons demanded that the doubling the lines should be effected by competition, and even by competition on the part of the State, and that a new railway should be constructed and worked by the side of the existing road; but this idea was very quickly abandoned; first, because it was not equitable, and, secondly, because it could not possibly be profitable. It has been found more practicable, much more in conformity with general interests, and at the same time more respectful towards vested rights, to come to an agreement with the railway companies, in order to oblige them to give the traffic that satisfaction which its development demanded.

In the Isthmus of Suez, the question is much more simple. There may not be a monopoly in writing, but there is, nevertheless, a natural monopoly. How can it be imagined that the object of the concession was any other than to put the two seas in communication? The founders could not be expected to run the risks of such an enterprise without yielding them a right to take tolls from those who pass from one sea to the other. To deprive them subsequently of the product of these tolls by supporting a rival scheme, and by joining the two seas in some other way, would be to withdraw with one hand what has been given with the other. Perhaps several canals may be possible; but the idea of establishing communication between the two seas is a simple one, and it is exactly that which M. de Lesseps has maintained from the first, notwithstanding the doubts of the English engineers, and which he has at last realized at the cost of a considerable outlay of capital.

It is this idea alone that was the object of the enterprise, and the tolls, the charge on passengers, and the transit tariff conceded to M. de Lesseps, were its price. Without violating the laws of justice, it is impossible to hand over to others the profits which would not have existed if M. de Lesseps had not formulated his idea, if after conceiving it he had not given it a body, — profits which belong to it, profits of which it certainly can be despoiled by force because force can do everything, but which cannot be taken away save by the commission of deeds absolutely contrary to that high sense of right which

England has had the glory to spread throughout the world. Only a few days ago, a French orator, speaking from the senatorial tribune of the French republic, quoted these memorable words of the English historian and philosopher, David Hume: "Our fleets, our budget, our army, Parliament, all these are only to assure a single end,—the liberty of the twelve great judges of England."

I will add, that if England holds in the world the dominant position which legitimately belongs to her on the surface of the globe, if she is respected and feared, if she is dreaded and honored, if she has allies willing to advance with her in the path of civilization, and to give her their support without fear as without jealousy, but with a noble feeling of confidence, it is because England, freely governed by a conscientious public opinion, knows how to place right above might, and has learnt to provide herself with institutions which are a mixture of monarchism and republicanism, whereof the mainspring, according to Montesquieu, should be honor and virtue.

The respect for contracts is the foundation of parliamentary governments, and the English Parliament can do everything but make an injustice legitimate. If the English government, as a partner in and as a patron of the most numerous clients of the enterprise, can demand that every extension rendered necessary by the traffic should be given to the means of communication between the two seas, it is its duty equally to introduce into the tariffs every amendment compatible with the maintenance of the financial position of the company. It is also quite right in demanding a revision of tariffs which were established in view of an infinitely smaller traffic than that which has been attained during the last few years. The most simple method which has been found of proportioning the tariffs to the business, is the participation by the clients in the profits of which they are themselves the source. Assurance companies and co-operative societies have largely adopted this course, and we might follow them. Nothing is more natural than to make a scale of reductions of tariffs so as to apply a portion of the profits realized to the benefit of the vessels which traverse the canal. Arrangements of this nature are very simple, and quite legitimate, and provided that they are established with moderation they cannot be otherwise than acceptable. For England especially there is another method, indirect it is true, but

not less real, of lightening the charges which weigh upon its maritime commerce in consequence of the dues of the Suez Canal, and that is to take and to apply to its budget a portion of the nett profits of the company. The English government already makes a profit in interest on the capital invested in the purchase of the one hundred and seventy-six thousand shares of which it has become the holder; it receives five per cent. interest on a capital for which it only pays three per cent., every year gaining the difference. That is, in reality, a sort of reduction of the transit dues in favor of the English people. When the deferred coupons of the shares which it holds are available, its profit will be much increased. If it sees fit, it will be able, by means of that profit, to reduce those imposts which press upon commerce.

But all these questions are matters of detail in which France and England have an equal interest; they may give rise to discussions more or less prolonged, but they have nothing to do with politics. There is but one political aspect of the matter; it is the maintenance of a company which, French by origin, is English as much as French in its interests, and which has the right to be treated conformably with justice. A day will come when it will be possible on both sides of the Channel to judge with greater calmness the political situation of the two nations, as regards the affairs of Egypt. When that day arrives, whatever direction events may meanwhile have taken, there will without doubt be perfect accord as to the inconveniences consequent upon the suppression of Anglo-French action in Egypt. History never remakes what it has once destroyed; certainly we shall never again see the *condominium*, the dual control, nor any of those combinations which have had their use, but which are condemned to-day, and which it is difficult to defend, because they have one great defect—that is, that they are dead and cannot be revived. But what we shall see again is an accord between the views of France and those of England as to the affairs of Egypt, and in the arrangement of all questions concerning the Suez Canal. England has need of the moral support of France. There is more sympathy possible between the Egyptian people and the French than between the former and the Anglo-Saxon race.

This moral influence the French can exercise in the civil administration, in industry, and in commerce, and exercise

it to the advantage of all Europe. The influence of the English government will lose nothing thereby; and if some day England finds it useful to modify her action, she will be happy to find at her side France with her perpetual influence in Egypt, by reason of the traditions of her history and the devotion of the colony of that nation to the interests of Egypt, so as to be able to seek in common the solution most favorable to the maintenance of Western influence in the East, and to the development of the amicable relations between two great powers, who sometimes in the press utter very hard words of each other, but who speedily return to sentiments of cordial friendship and sincere alliance as soon as they have regained, together with their *sang-froid*, a clear view of their moral, political, and commercial interests.

LEON SAY.

From All The Year Round.  
ALONG THE SILVER STREAK.

#### PART IV.

THE director and his wife, and we as their friends, were received with the greatest possible cordiality by M. de St. Pol, who insisted upon taking us all to dinner at his château close by, an immense building that seemed half deserted, with great iron gates, and ferns growing out of the interstices of the brickwork; and with great gardens and conservatories not absolutely neglected, but showing almost the wildness of nature. But the parts inhabited were very scrupulously kept and charmingly cool, with shining, polished floors, and everything studiously arranged in careless ease.

"Ma foi, vive Valognes pour le rôti!" cries the marquis in Lesage's comedy of Turcaret; an exclamation we might very well have echoed looking to the excellent dinner provided by M. de St. Pol. The count was Anglophile in everything, even in the cuisine. As a delicate compliment to Hilda, no doubt, was the "côtelette d'agneau à la belle Anglaise," and equally for the squire's benefit, no doubt, the "gosberi pie au John Bowl." The same spirit pervaded the whole establishment. The horses were English, and English also the stud-groom. English "bowl dows" snuffed about the legs of visitors, and infused a terror speedily allayed by their pleasing affability. Our friend's chief delight in his country life, it presently appeared, was to drive a fast-trotting

English pony in a little village cart with a little retinue of "bowl dows" disporting beneath. But he owned that even this occupation did not redeem his country life from weariness and ennui. Custom prescribed that he should visit his estates as soon as the *grand prix* had been run; but a fortnight on his estate generally gave him a surfeit of the country. And yet he felt that it ought not to be so. The pure, tranquil life of the country he appreciated, and would be willing to share with a congenial spirit. Ah, if he could find such a one! Some young English girl, perhaps — he had a peculiar *tendresse* for the English girl. She must be beautiful, rich, accomplished, and at the same time tender and loving to a degree to put a man out of his senses; and, above all, she must never have loved before.

The count confided these sentiments to us men, as we smoked after dinner on the lawn beneath a pure, deep, star-lit sky. Our director pronounced these ideas to be impracticable. He too confessed that in his own youth he had dreamt of marrying some young English mees, fair as an angel, and of a wealth to enable him to follow his cherished pursuits without ignoble cares. But the event had falsified his anticipations. He had indeed encountered more than one mees with wonderful personal charms, but always with nothing or next to nothing in the way of *dot*. Others had been pointed out to him undoubtedly rich, but with bad complexions or otherwise not corresponding to the ideal belle Anglaise. And as for the first bloom of the affections, he had it on the authority of the greatest English novelists that the little mees began her love-affairs before she had given up her doll, say at twelve years old, or perhaps even earlier.

There was just enough truth in this last assertion to make both Tom and myself a little angry with the director, and the count artfully took our side, though it was easy to see that he was trying to pump Master Tom a little on the subject of his cousin Hilda. For De St. Pol was enthusiastic on the subject of English marriages arranged on a basis of pure affection, and of the virtue and fidelity of the English demoiselle, who, not content like the average French girl with the husband presented to her by her parents, will live a celibate life for years till she meets with a fitting object for her virginal devotion.

"How's that?" cried Tom doubtfully,



looking at me as if I were the umpire in the match. But just at this moment, saving us from further discussion, came the sound of a piano from the salon, and the clear, rich voice of Hilda singing some English ballad; so we rose and left the director in possession of the field, in possession, too, of the battery of liqueur bottles, of which every now and then he mixed and tasted a dose, on principles of science and hygiene.

The count was in his right as host to hang about the piano as he did, asking first for one song and then another, but it was irritating to see that Hilda received all his attentions very graciously, turning upon him all the full powers of her lovely dark eyes, and throwing herself into the exchange of compliments and badinage with light-hearted appreciation. There was nothing in her now suggesting the love-lorn damsel! Surely both Mrs. Murch and Justine must have been completely deceived as to her having any after-thoughts or regrets! Once or twice, indeed, I found her eyes resting upon me with a grave kind of scrutiny; but for the rest, she so persistently evaded all my attempts to gain a word with her, that in vexation I began to devote myself exclusively to madame la directrice—a devotion that was not ill-rewarded, for beneath the little artificialities of the Frenchwoman there was evidence of a charming, candid soul, full of sympathy and appreciation for all phases of human life.

Madame, too, sang very feelingly, although not with Hilda's power and execution. It was my turn now to hang over the piano and beg for songs, and I was delighted to see a flash of anger and scorn in Hilda's dark eyes. Yet still she was engrossed with the count, and it was impossible for anybody else to come near her. It was just the same, too, as we drove home through the pleasant perfumed night, the bean-flowers filling the air with sweetness, and the more subtle scent of the roses clinging to everything. Not a word could I get with Hilda, who retired to her room at once on reaching the hotel.

And then, as I walked up and down the courtyard, I watched the light shining in her window—a light that brought out into faint relief the old gateway and tower, while the quaint outlines of the twin spires of the church rose dark against the sky. Justine, her light labors finished for the day, was standing in the doorway below, humming to herself her favorite "*Sur le bord de l'eau*." She ceased as I

approached, and began to examine the border of her apron in a manner suggestive of coquettish confusion.

"Justine," I said in a low voice, "you will take a little note from me to mademoiselle—a little note of two lines—that she may read it before she sleeps?"

But Justine, perhaps resenting a little that she should be considered only as a channel of communication with her mistress, received my overtures in a temper quite unexpected.

"I, monsieur!" she cried, her eyes flashing fire, "I carry billets to my mistress, who is confided to me by your countryman, to whom she is bound by vows almost sacred! Never, monsieur!" And with that Justine darted off, her nose contemptuously in the air.

And then another window opened on the opposite side of the courtyard, and madame la directrice appeared, wrapped in a white peignoir, and combing back her long hair. Then she leant upon the window-sill, looking up at the stars, and sighed gently. Presently, her eyes attracted by the glowing tip of my cigar, she acknowledged my presence gracefully. Yes, it was a heavenly night, a night on which one would like to fly about like the moths.

"Stéphanie!" at this moment cried the manly voice of the director, who appeared in his shirt-sleeves with a shawl in his hands, "Stéphanie, my child, be careful of thy throat." And he wrapped her up with quite parental solicitude.

And then there was a new arrival, which brought the landlord to the door in a discontented spirit. Indeed, the appearance of the new-comers, although highly picturesque, was hardly reassuring to the strictly commercial appreciation of an innkeeper. First of all came two men, brown and dusty, with great leathern wallets over their shoulders, and ragged garments, adjusted with a certain careless grace. In the rear marched a couple of Pyrenean sheep with long curly horns and long curly brown wool, with an air rather as if they were driving the men than being driven by them, while absolutely last was a pretty, gipsy-looking girl of thirteen or so, in a short skirt, with bare brown legs and feet, and a tambourine thrown over her shoulders. The men wanted a lodging for the night—a stable or something of the kind—for themselves and their companions.

The landlord looked at them suspiciously.

"Three francs," he said, holding out his palm for the money.



The leader of the band shook his head. They had no money just then, but after they had given a few performances in the morning —

"Let us have a performance now," said madame gaily from her window. "And then, if we are pleased, perhaps the money will be forthcoming."

The girl unsling her tambourine and one of the men produced a tin flageolet, and they began a shrill, noisy tum-dee-id-dity, the sheep scraping the ground with their feet, and executing a few gambadoes in the direction of the maids of the inn, who had all gathered at the doorway to assist at the entertainment. The maids fled themselves with loud cries, and this proved the best part of the entertainment, especially when one of the sheep took a decided fancy to the fat cook, and chased her into a distant corner of the yard. This brought down the house, as well as showers of coin from the spectators. The girl gathered up the largesse, and tendered it respectfully to the landlord as his tribute. "Keep it, my child," said the landlord, waving his hand grandly: "it was only as a guarantee of good faith that I demanded the money. You shall have your niche in the stable for nothing."

Soon after daylight next morning the wandering band departed. They were satisfied with their receipts at Valognes, and anxious to get on to the bathing-places on the coast, where they expected a still more plentiful harvest. When the slight stir caused by their departure had ceased, the bells began in a shrill, clamorous way, and turning out to the gateway I found quite a stir going on — black-robed priests, and stout elderly dames with their missals, and little bands of sisters, grey and white, gliding about. It was possible that Hilda, being an early riser, might come out too, and give me a chance of speaking to her. But I saw nothing of her, and was half dozing over my cup of *café noir* when I heard the laughing voice of Justine in the courtyard. There she was, talking to a servant in a shiny hat, whom I recognized as belonging to M. de St. Pol, and who had brought a splendid bouquet, with which Justine was tickling her nose ecstatically. The old squire now came out, and began to talk to the groom about his horse, which had been ridden hard and was flecked with foam. Next moment Hilda appeared, holding the bouquet and an opened note in her hand.

"It is from M. de St. Pol, papa," she said carelessly. "He wants you to see

his model farm, and give him your advice. He will drive us there on our way to St. Vaast. And he suggests breakfast at the farm. You see no objection?"

"On the contrary," said the squire politely, "I shall be only too pleased. Answer the note, Hilda, to that effect."

The count must have been waiting for his answer in the town, for he soon made his appearance in person, driving a phaeton and a pair of high-stepping horses. Justine rushed madly to and fro for a time, as she attended to Hilda's imperious requirements, and then Hilda herself, fresh and glowing, all her spirit and brightness restored, mounted to the driver's seat.

"It is so kind of you to let me drive," she said, as the count handed her the reins, "for I know your prejudices are against it."

"I am only too proud of my chariot-tee," said the count politely; but the people of the inn all came out, and held up their hands in wonder and disapproval.

"We shall wait for you at Quettehou," said Hilda, waving her hand to the rest of us, and then she drove off at full speed.

"They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar," quoted Tom, rather *mal à propos* as I thought. Certainly no fleet steeds were at our disposal — nothing but the pair of horses that worked on alternate days in the diligence; good for six miles an hour on an emergency, but for not a step beyond.

"We shall wait for you," Hilda had said, but we felt the waiting would be very doubtful with the count in command, and with such a start too.

For the director positively refused to start on the chance of getting breakfast on the way. He knew the country, he said, which, fertile as it might be, was not prolific in good breakfasts.

"Ah, it must be barbarous," cried his wife; "a place called Quettehou for instance. Is it possible that a place can exist with such a name?"

"Another of the footsteps of your ancestors," cried the director; "Quettehou is just West Hythe, a little polished by the attrition of French tongues."

"Polished, you call it?" cried Tom. "I should say turned from good English to bad Dutch."

And then madame called out that she was starving, and led the way to the breakfast-table.

Hardly had we finished breakfast when we heard a great clatter of hoofs in the courtyard, and, looking out of the window, beheld a scene which recalled something similar in "Don Quixote." A company of horse-dealers had ridden in, well-mounted, and with their horses gaily caparisoned. The leader of the band, who rode up to the door, was mounted on a bright bay of wonderful power and symmetry, his satin coat creasing like a glove at the slightest movement, and the pose of head and neck full of fire and pride, without a particle of ill-temper.

"I call that a perfect horse for harness," cried Tom, examining his points critically. "I should like to buy that for the governor. I wonder how much he would take."

"What will I take, sar?" exclaimed the horse-dealer, who had associated so much with brother horse-dealers from the other side of the Channel that he had picked up a good many English phrases. "I will take a thousand pistoles — mille pistoles."

"Listen!" cried the director admiringly. "He says pistoles. Don't we hear the very accent of the Biscayans? Let us hear that once more. How much did you say, my friend?"

"Ten thousand francs for you, monsieur," said the horse-dealer in a jocular tone, as much as to say: "I don't look for a customer in this quarter."

"Ah, but you said pistoles just now," replied the director in a disappointed tone.

"Ah," replied the other, "that is just a way we have among ourselves. Pistoles! francs! What does it matter?" And with that he turned to Tom, whom he seemed to recognize as a kindred spirit. "Ah, you English have one eye for the horse. We met the young Englishwoman just now, and she would have bought the horse for the old gentleman, her papa. But she had not enough money in her purse, and though I would have trusted her willingly for her pretty face, she was too proud to be under obligation to me. But I know very well, from the look I had from the young De St. Pol, that he will pay me my price for the horse, and no doubt make something out of the bargain. For myself, if I could afford it, I would gladly abate a few hundred francs for one little embrace from the pretty English mees."

"Look here," said Tom, doubling his fist, and tapping significantly the white hard knuckles, "no more talk about made-moiselle, or —"

"You ponch my 'ed," cried the horse-dealer, laughing good-humoredly. "No, I not like that kind of ponch. We shall have French ponch together, if you like. Tenez, garçon! du ponch!"

While this was going on, the post had come in with our letters, and among them two rather important ones for me. Hitherto I had received nothing of importance from my uncle's estate. The lawyers had made certain advances, and would have gone on advancing; but I did not feel myself justified in launching out on borrowed money. But now here was a letter from my agent, stating that so many lacs of rupees had been remitted by an Indian bank, and that he had placed to my credit with Rothschilds of Paris the sum of forty thousand pounds — a million francs. The second letter was a polite one from the bankers themselves, announcing the credit, at the present rate of exchange, of one million ten thousand francs. Now I could buy this horse, which I had taken a fancy to, and still be a (French) millionaire.

I called Tom on one side.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "before you bemuse your faculties with punch, I want you to buy that horse for me. We will catch young Lochinvar in spite of his start, and while you are buying the horse I will go and buy a dog-cart;" for I had seen a very nice one for sale in a coach-maker's shed that morning.

Tom managed his part of the business so well that he saved the price of the dog-cart out of the ten thousand francs demanded by the horse-dealer, and in less time than it takes to record it, the horse was harnessed and taken for a trial trip round the town. He trotted splendidly, and Tom, as we drove into the hotel-yard, exclaimed, —

"I say, old chap, we'll win some cups out of these Frenchies before we go back. We'll call him Contango, because you bought him out of the first coin you touched, and we'll enter him for the trotting race at Trouville."

Madame was delighted with our purchase, and it was arranged that she and the director should share our dog-cart, while Justine followed in the waggonette with the heavy baggage. But when the director had witnessed Contango's playful performance on his hind legs as he was brought up to the door, he decided that Justine should take his place, and that he would follow with the baggage.

"One femme de chambre the less, what does it matter?" cried the director; "but

who will fill my chair at the bureau of public instruction?"

And so we drove merrily on through a pleasant fertile country, till presently the road began to rise over a bleak hillside, and then, when we reached the top, the sea came upon us without warning — the bright silvery sea dimpling in the sunshine, with a cluster of masts in the port below, and in the roadstead a fine English yacht, with her burgee flying from the masthead, which we soon recognized as the "Sea-Mew." But Quettehou was passed, and nothing seen or heard of Hilda and her party.

A pleasant bay this of La Hougue, and well known to English seamen in mediæval days, for here the English often landed in their frequent invasions of Normandy in the days of the Plantagenets; and from this hill, too, it is said that in later years James the Second watched the sea-fight in 1692, when the French fleet, gathered here to invade England in the interest of the Stuarts, was defeated and destroyed by the Dutch and English united. Fourteen of the French ships of war lie sunk beneath the wave in this smiling bay. Fort rises grimly beyond fort on each promontory and rocky islet, picturesque too, with something of the grace of mediæval towers about them.

But the picturesqueness disappears as we approach the port, where ship-building is going on briskly, with the noise of many hammers and all the dirt and confusion of a small port devoting itself energetically to business.

A trim boat from the "Sea-Mew," with her smart crew, lay among the Norwegian timber-ships, the colliers, and trading-brigs in their unkempt and rough-and-ready trim. And presently we came across Mr. Wyvern sitting disconsolately in front of a noisy, dirty-looking inn. His features brightened up considerably at the sight of us.

"Here you are then, at last," he cried, and then he was introduced to madame la directrice, who was duly welcomed.

"I shall have to send the crier round for our party," he went on; "they are scattered in all directions. It was a mistake coming here; you never know till you have seen a place. You read a flaming account in a guide-book, with all kinds of historical flummery cooked up, when all the time the place should be labelled B. H., or 'beastly hole,' as a warning to travellers."

"And Chancellor?" asked Tom. "Is he on board?"

"Well, no," replied Wyvern; "he joined us for a few hours at Ryde. Terrible sell for him Miss Chudleigh not being there. But he can't get away, there's a jolly row in Parliament. Ain't I glad I'm here! But where's Miss Chudleigh all this time?"

Tom explained as best he could. Wyvern looked grave.

"Well," he said, "it's just as well the chief isn't here. There would be a jolly row among them. What is the old squire dreaming about?"

At this moment the rest of the party from the yacht came along, Mrs. Bacon leading the way, very hot and sunburnt, with a red guide-book in her hand that wasn't a patch upon her cheeks in the way of color.

"A charming country," she cried, seizing me by the hand, while Tom greeted Miss Chancellor with quite joyous recognition; "charming country, only not a nice place to stop at. Smells, smells!" lifting up her hands and nose in admiration. Experience of life, indeed, is no guarantee against astonishment at French smells. They are so varied, with such a depth and richness of bouquet about them as to compel admiration. You miss them, too, when you leave; the air of England seems cold and chill without them. But Mrs. Bacon could not take them calmly.

They had all been for a drive almost to Cherbourg, to see the old Château of Tourlaville, noted as the ancient patrimony of the family of Ravalet, themselves noted as being the wickedest people in Normandy. All sorts of crimes appear in the family annals, and of all these this ill-omened château was the scene. The *moine de Saire*, who haunts the coasts hereabouts, is said to have been a wicked priest belonging to the fated race. Strong natures had these men, and wild passions, and chafed against the chain which bound them to these gloomy rocks, and to a lonely, uneventful life. Their fierce longings of berseker and viking, untamed by civilization, broke out into all kinds of excess and violence. As Mrs. Bacon remarks charitably, perhaps if they had come over with William the Conqueror with the other Normans, they might have become model country gentlemen and good Christians. As it was, they got into a wrong groove, and came to the headsman's axe in a general way whenever the king's justice found its way into these parts.

Boom! The "Sea-Mew" presently fired a gun, at the sound of which all the fishermen and seamen about the port

jumped about and *sacré* and anathematized the English; and the gun signified that we were wanted on board. The director, too, had arrived with the baggage, and all was ready for going on board, only where was Hilda?—where was the old squire? As for De St. Pol, nobody asked for him.

"But, monsieur!" cried Justine in an aside to me, "if you are waiting for mademoiselle, you may wait long enough." Justine, I may say, had been in an awful temper at being again left behind by Miss Chudleigh. "My last mistress took me everywhere, shared all her distractions with me," Justine had sobbed; "but mademoiselle treats me as if I were a parcel, to be forwarded by luggage train."

What did Justine mean? Why, simply that M. de St. Pol had no intention whatever of putting mademoiselle on board the "*Sew-Mew*." His own yacht was somewhere on the coast, and it was in her that he intended Miss Chudleigh should make a cruise. Oh, Justine was perfectly sure of M. de St. Pol's intentions. She had been so informed by the count's own man.

The affair now began to look awkward. Hilda might in all unconsciousness seriously compromise herself. True, her father was with her, but female tongues would say that he was not likely to be an efficient chaperon.

"Of course you will follow Hilda?" said Tom, "and I will go too. We shall have to fight that St. Pol, one of us, I fancy."

And Justine must go with us. And yet it was awkward. However, we went with the others to the pier, hoping that Hilda and her father would turn up at the last moment. Up to this time madame la directrice had been full of pleasant anticipations of the voyage. But when we came to the "*bord de l'eau*," about which Justine was always singing, the aspect of things was rather alarming for madame. A fresh tide was coming in with something of a swell, dashing among the timbers of the pier with noise and tumult; the boat tossed violently up and down, while it was as much as the sailors could do to keep her clear of the pier, while one of them hung on with a boat-hook to the slimy, slippery steps. Madame clung to my arm in terror. She had always loved the sea, she sobbed, but it was an ideal sea, a sea that was always calm. She had never imagined anything so dreadful as this. The director, who had made the voyage to England before now, had al-

ready been hauled into the boat and was calling to his wife to be brave.

"Stéphanie, do not be so foolish; there is no danger. Come on!" But Stéphanie could not master her feelings.

"After all, why go on board," cried Tom, "when you don't like it? Come with us—and the director too. Hi!" shouting to the director; "we have got a seat in the trap for you!"

"No, no!" replied the director; "better the sea than a raging horse. But you go, Stéphanie; we shall meet in a few hours."

"Heaven be praised!" cried madame, as she turned to wave a last adieu to the director. "I would have followed thee, Alphonse, to the death, but I infinitely prefer being safe on shore."

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From Longman's Magazine.

#### ACROSS THE PLAINS.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF AN EMIGRANT BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO.

#### PART II.

#### THE DESERT OF WYOMING.

To cross such a plain is to grow homesick for the mountains. I longed for the Black Hills of Wyoming, which I knew we were soon to enter, like an ice-bound whaler for the spring. Alas! and it was a worse country than the other. All Sunday and Monday we travelled through these sad mountains, or over the main ridge of the Rockies, which is a fair match to them for misery of aspect. Hour after hour it was the same unhomely and unkindly world about our onward path; tumbled boulders; cliffs that drearily imitate the shape of monuments and fortifications—how drearily, how tamely, none can tell who has not seen them; not a tree, not a patch of sward, not one shapely or commanding mountain form; sage-brush, eternal sage-brush; over all, the same weariful and gloomy coloring, greys warming into brown, greys darkening towards black; and for sole sign of life, here and there a few fleeing antelopes, here and there, but at incredible intervals, a creek running in a canyon. The plains have a grandeur of their own; but here there is nothing but a contorted smallness. Except for the air, which was light and stimulating, there was not one good circumstance in that God-forsaken land.

I had been suffering in my health a

good deal all the way; and at last, whether I was exhausted by my complaint or poisoned in some wayside eating-house, the evening we left Laramie, I fell sick outright. That was a night which I shall not readily forget. The lamps did not go out; each made a faint shining in its own neighborhood; and the shadows were confounded together in the long, hollow box of the car. The sleepers lay in uneasy attitudes; here two chums alongside, flat upon their backs like dead folk; there a man sprawling on the floor, with his face upon his arm; there another half seated, with his head and shoulders on the bench. The most passive were continually and roughly shaken by the movement of the train; others stirred, turned, or stretched out their arms like children; it was surprising how many groaned and murmured in their sleep; and as I passed to and fro, stepping across the prostrate, and caught now a snore, now a gasp, now a half-formed word, it gave me a measure of the worthlessness of rest in that un-resting vehicle. Although it was chill, I was obliged to open my window; for the degradation of the air soon became intolerable to one who was awake and using the full supply of life. Outside, in a glimmering night, I saw the black, amorphous hills shoot by unweariedly into our wake. They that long for morning have never longed for it more earnestly than I.

And yet when day came, it was to shine upon the same broken and unsightly quarter of the world. Mile upon mile, and not a tree, a bird, or a river. Only down the long, sterile canyons, the train shot hooting and awoke the resting echo. That train was the one piece of life in all the deadly land; it was the one actor, the one spectacle fit to be observed in this paralysis of man and nature. And when I think how the railroad has been pushed through this unwatered wilderness and haunt of savage tribes, and now will bear an emigrant for some 12¢ from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate; how at each stage of the construction, roaring, impromptu cities, full of gold and lust and death, sprang up and then died away again, and are now but wayside stations in the desert; how in these uncouth places pigtailed Chinese pirates worked side by side with border ruffians and broken men from Europe, talking together in a mixed dialect, mostly oaths, gambling, drinking, quarrelling, and murdering like wolves; how the plumed hereditary lord of all America heard, in this last fastness, the scream of the "bad medicine wagon,"

charioting his foes; and then when I go on to remember that all this epical turmoil was conducted by gentlemen in frock coats, and with a view to nothing more extraordinary than a fortune and a subsequent visit to Paris, — it seems to me, I own, as if this railway were the one typical achievement of the age in which we live, as if it brought together into one plot all the ends of the world and all the degrees of social rank, and offered to some great writer the busiest, the most extended, and the most varied subject for an enduring literary work. If it be romance, if it be contrast, if it be heroism that we require, what was Troy town to this? But alas! it is not these things that are necessary; it is only Homer.

Here also we are grateful to the train, as to some god who conducts us swiftly through these shades and by so many hidden perils. Thirst, hunger, the sleight and ferocity of Indians are all no more feared, so lightly do we skim these horrible lands; as the gull, who wings safely through the hurricane and past the shark. Yet we should not be forgetful of these hardships of the past; and to keep the balance true, since I have complained of the trifling discomforts of my journey, perhaps more than was enough, let me add an original document. It was not written by Homer, but by a boy of eleven, long since dead, and is dated only twenty years ago. I shall punctuate, to make things clearer, but not change the spelling.

"My dear Sister Mary, — I am afraid you will go nearly crazy when you read my letter. If Jerry" (the writer's eldest brother) "has not written to you before now, you will be surprised to hear that we are in California, and that poor Thomas" (another brother, of fifteen) "is dead. We started from — in July, with plenty of provisions and too yoke of oxen. We went along very well till we got within six or seven hundred miles of California, when the Indians attacked us. We found places where they had killed the emigrants. We had one passenger with us, too guns, and one revolver; so we ran all the lead we had into bullets [and] hung the guns up in the wagon so that we could get at them in a minit. It was about two O'clock in the afternoon; droave the catel a little way; when a prairie chicken alited a little way from the wagon. Jerry took out one of the guns to shoot it, and told Tom drive the oxen. Tom and I drove the oxen, and Jerry and the passenger went on. Then, after a little, I left



Tom and caught up with Jerry and the other man. Jerry stopped for Tom to come up; me and the man went on and sit down by a little stream. In a few minutes, we heard some noise; then three shots (they all struck poor Tom, I suppose); then they gave the war hoop, and as many as twenty of the red skins came down on us. The three that shot Tom was hid by the side of the road in the bushes.

"I thought that Tom and Jerry were shot; so I told the other man that Tom and Jerry were dead, and that we had better try to escape, if possible. I had no shoes on; having a sore foot, I thought I would not put them on. The man and me run down the road, but We was soon stopt by an Indian on a pony. We then tured the other way, and run up the side of the Mountain, and hid behind some cedar trees, and stayed there till dark. The Indians hunted all over after us, and verry close to us, so close that we could here their tomyhawks jingle. At dark the man and me started on, I stubing my toes against sticks and stones. We traveld on all night; and next morning, Just as it was getting gray, we saw something in the shape of a man. It layed Down in the grass. We went up to it, and it was Jerry. He thought we ware Indians. You can imagine how glad he was to see me. He thought we was all dead but him, and we thought him and Tom was dead. He had the gun that he took out of the wagon to shoot the prairie Chicken; all he had was the load that was in it.

"We traveld on till about eight O'clock, We caught up with one wagon with too men with it. We had traveld with them before one day; we stopt and they Drove on; we knew that they was ahead of us, unless they had been killed to. My feet was so sore when we caught up with them that I had to ride; I could not step. We traveld on for too days, when the men that owned the cattle said they would [could] not drive them another inch. We unyoked the oxen; we had about seventy pounds of flour; we took it out and divided it into four packs. Each of the men took about eighteen pounds apiece and a blanket. I carried a little bacon, dried meat, and little quilt; I had in all about twelve pounds. We had one pint of flour a day for our alloyance. Sometimes we made soup of it; sometimes we [made] pancakes; and sometimes mixed it up with cold water and eat it that way. We traveld twelve or fourteen days.

The time came at last when we should have to reach some place or starve. We saw fresh horse and cattle tracks. The morning came, we scraped all the flour out of the sack, mixed it up, and baked it into bread, and made some soup, and eat every thing we had. We traveld on all day without anything to eat, and that evening we Caught up with a sheep train of eight wagons. We traveld with them till we arrived at the settlements; and know I am safe in California, and got to good home, and going to school.

"Jerry is working in —. It is a good country. You can get from fifty to sixty and seventy-five Dollars for cooking. Tell me all about the affairs in the states, and how all the folks get along."

And so ends this artless narrative. The little man was at school again, God bless him, while his brother lay scalped upon the deserts.

#### FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

The cars on the Central Pacific were nearly twice as high, and so proportionally airier; they were freshly varnished, which gave us all a sense of cleanliness as though we had bathed; the seats drew out and joined in the centre, so that there was no more need for bed-boards; and there was an upper tier of berths which could be closed by day and opened at night.

I had by this time some opportunity of seeing the people whom I was among. They were in rather marked contrast to the emigrants I had met on board ship while crossing the Atlantic. They were mostly lumpish fellows, silent and noisy, a common combination; somewhat sad, I should say, with an extraordinary poor taste in humor, and little interest in their fellow-creatures beyond that of a cheap and merely external curiosity. If they heard a man's name and business, they seemed to think they had the heart of that mystery; but they were as eager to know that much as they were indifferent to the rest. Some of them were on nettles till they learned your name was Dickson and you a journeyman baker; but beyond that, whether you were Catholic or Mormon, dull or clever, fierce or friendly, was all one to them. Others, who were not so stupid, gossiped a little, and, I am bound to say, unkindly. A favorite witticism was for some lout to raise the alarm of "All aboard!" while the rest of us were dining, thus contributing his mite to the general discomfort. Such a one was always much applauded for his high spir-



its. When I was ill, coming through Wyoming, I was astonished — fresh from the eager humanity on board ship — to meet with little but laughter. One of the young men even amused himself by incommoding me, as was then very easy; and that not from ill-nature, but mere clod-like incapacity to think, for he expected me to join the laugh. I did so, but it was a phantom merriment. Later on, a man from Kansas had three violent epileptic fits, and though of course there were not wanting some to help him, it was rather superstitious terror than sympathy that his case evoked among his fellow-passengers. "Oh, I hope he's not going to die!" cried a woman; "it would be terrible to have a dead body!" And there was a very general movement to leave the man behind at the next station. This, by good fortune, the conductor negatived.

There was a good deal of story-telling in some quarters; in others, little but silence. In this society, more than any other that ever I was in, it was the narrator alone who seemed to enjoy the narrative. It was rarely that any one listened for the listening. If he lent an ear to another man's story, it was because he was in immediate want of a hearer for one of his own. Food and the progress of the train were the subjects most generally treated; many joined to discuss these who otherwise would hold their tongues. One small knot had no better occupation than to worm out of me my name; and the more they tried the more obstinately fixed I grew to baffle them. They assailed me with artful questions and insidious offers of correspondence in the future; but I was perpetually on my guard, and parried their assaults with inward laughter. I am sure Dubuque would have given me ten dollars for the secret. He owed me far more, had he understood life, for thus preserving him a lively interest throughout the journey. I met one of my fellow-passengers months after, driving a street tramway car in San Francisco; and, as the joke was now out of season, told him my name without subterfuge. You never saw a man more chapfallen. But had my name been Demogorgon, after so prolonged a mystery he had still been disappointed.

There were no emigrants direct from Europe, save one German family and a knot of Cornish miners, who kept grimly by themselves, one reading the New Testament all day long through steel spectacles, the rest discussing privately the se-

crets of their old-world, mysterious race. Lady Hester Stanhope believed she could make something great of the Cornish; for my part, I can make nothing of them at all. A division of races, older and more original than that of Babel, keeps this close, esoteric family apart from neighboring Englishmen. Not even a Red Indian seems more foreign in my eyes. This is one of the lessons of travel — that some of the strangest races dwell next door to you at home.

The rest were all American born, but they came from almost every quarter of that continent. All the States of the North had sent out a fugitive to cross the plains with me. From Virginia, from Pennsylvania, from New York, from far western Iowa and Kansas, from Maine that borders on the Canadas, and from the Canadas themselves — some one or two were fleeing in quest of a better land and better wages. The talk in the train, like the talk I had heard on the steamer, ran upon hard times, short commons, and hope that moves ever westward. I thought of my shipful from Great Britain with a feeling of despair. They had come three thousand miles, and yet not far enough. Hard times bowed them out of the Clyde, and stood to welcome them at Sandy Hook. Where were they to go? Pennsylvania, Maine, Iowa, Kansas? These were not places for immigration, but for emigration, it appeared; not one of them, but I knew a man who had lifted up his heel and left it for an ungrateful country. And it was still westward that they ran. Hunger, you would have thought, came out of the east like the sun, and the evening was made of edible gold. And, meantime, in the car in front of me, were there not half a hundred emigrants from the opposite quarter? Hungry Europe and hungry China, each pouring from their gates in search of provender, had here come face to face. The two waves had met; East and West had alike failed; the whole round world had been prospected and condemned; there was no El Dorado anywhere; and till one could emigrate to the moon, it seemed as well to stay patiently at home. Nor was there wanting another sign, at once more picturesque and more disheartening; for as we continued to steam westward toward the land of gold, we were continually passing other emigrant trains upon the journey east; and these others were as crowded as our own. Had all these return voyagers made a fortune in the mines? Were they all bound for

Paris, and to be in Rome by Easter? It would seem not, for whenever we met them the passengers ran on to the platform and cried to us through the windows, in a kind of wailing chorus, to "come back." On the plains of Nebraska, in the mountains of Wyoming, it was still the same cry, and dismal to my heart, "Come back!" That was what we heard by the way "about the good country we were going to." And at that very hour the Sand-lot of San Francisco was crowded with the unemployed, and the echo from the other side of Market Street was repeating the rant of demagogues.

If, in truth, it were only for the sake of wages that men emigrate, how many thousands would regret the bargain! But wages, indeed, are only one consideration out of many; for we are a race of gipsies, and love change and travel for themselves.

#### DESPISED RACES.

Of all stupid ill-feelings, the sentiment of my fellow-Caucasians towards our companions in the Chinese car was the most stupid and the worst. They seemed never to have looked at them, listened to them, or thought of them, but hated them *a priori*. The Mongols were their enemies in that cruel and treacherous battle-field of money. They could work better and cheaper in half a hundred industries, and hence there was no calumny too idle for the Caucasians to repeat, and even to believe. They declared them hideous vermin, and affected a kind of choking in the throat when they beheld them. Now, as a matter of fact, the young Chinese man is so like a large class of European women, that on raising my head and suddenly catching sight of one at a considerable distance, I have for an instant been deceived by the resemblance. I do not say it is the most attractive class of our women, but for all that many a man's wife is less pleasantly favored. Again, my emigrants declared that the Chinese were dirty. I cannot say they were clean, for that was impossible upon the journey; but in their efforts after cleanliness they put the rest of us to shame. We all pigged and stewed in one infamy, wet our hands and faces for half a minute daily on the platform, and were unashamed. But the Chinese never lost an opportunity, and you would see them washing their feet—an act not dreamed of among ourselves—and going as far as decency permitted to wash their whole bodies. I may remark by the way, that the dirtier people

are in their persons, the more delicate is their sense of modesty. A clean man strips in a crowded boat-house; but he who is unwashed slinks in and cut of bed without uncovering an inch of skin. Lastly, these very foul and malodorous Caucasians entertained the surprising illusion that it was the Chinese wagon, and that alone, which stank. I have said already that it was the exception, and notably the freshest of the three.

These judgments are typical of the feeling in all western America. The Chinese are considered stupid, because they are imperfectly acquainted with English. They are held to be base, because their dexterity and frugality enable them to underbid the lazy, luxurious Caucasian. They are said to be thieves; I am sure they have no monopoly of that. They are called cruel; the Anglo-Saxon and the cheerful Irishman may each reflect before he bears the accusation. It comes amiss from John Bull, who the other day forced that unhappy Zazel, all bruised and tottering from a dangerous escape, to come forth again upon the theatre, and continue to risk her life for his amusement; or from Pat, who makes it his pastime to shoot down the compliant farmer from behind a wall in Europe, or to stone the solitary Chinaman in California. I am told, again, that they are of the race of river pirates, and belong to the most despised and dangerous class in the Celestial Empire. But if this be so, what remarkable pirates have we here! and what must be the virtues, the industry, the education, and the intelligence of their superiors at home!

Awhile ago it was the Irish, now it is the Chinese, that must go. Such is the cry. It seems, after all, that no country is bound to submit to immigration any more than to invasion: each is war to the knife, and resistance to either but legitimate defence. Yet we may regret the free tradition of the republic, which loved to depict herself with open arms, welcoming all unfortunates. And certainly, as a man who believes that he loves freedom, I may be excused some bitterness when I find her sacred name misused in the contention. It was but the other day that I heard a vulgar fellow in the Sand-lot, the popular tribune of San Francisco, roaring for arms and butchery. "At the call of Abraham Lincoln," said the orator, "ye rose in the name of freedom to set free the negroes; can ye not rise and liberate yourselves from a few dirty Mongolians?" It exceeds the license of an

Irishman to rebaptise our selfish interests by the name of virtue. Defend your bellies, if you must; I, who do not suffer, am no judge in your affairs; but let me defend language, which is the dialect and one of the ramparts of virtue.

For my own part, I could not look but with wonder and respect on the Chinese. Their forefathers watched the stars before mine had begun to keep pigs. Gunpowder and printing, which the other day we imitated, and a school of manners which we never had the delicacy so much as to desire to imitate, were theirs in a long-past antiquity. They walk the earth with us, but it seems they must be of a different clay. They hear the clock strike the same hour, yet surely of a different epoch. They travel by steam conveyance, yet with such a baggage of old Asiatic thoughts and superstitions as might check the locomotive in its course. Whatever is thought within the circuit of the Great Wall; what the wry-eyed, spectacled schoolmaster teaches in the hamlets round Pekin; religions so old that our language looks a halfling boy alongside; philosophy so wise that our best philosophers find things therein to wonder at; all this travelled alongside of me for thousands of miles over plain and mountain. Heaven knows if we had one common thought or fancy all that way; or whether our eyes, which yet were formed upon the same design, beheld the same world out of the railway windows. And when either of us turned his thoughts to home and childhood, what a strange dissimilarity must there not have been in these pictures of the mind — when I beheld that old, grey, castled city, high throned above the firth, with the flag of Britain flying, and the red-coat sentry pacing over all; and the man in the next car to me would conjure up some junks and a pagoda and a fort of porcelain, and call it, with the same affection, home!

Another race shared among my fellow-passengers in the disfavor of the Chinese; and that, it is hardly necessary to say, was the noble red man of old story — he over whose own hereditary continent we had been steaming all these days. I saw no wild or independent Indian; indeed, I hear that such avoid the neighborhood of the train; but now and again at way-stations, a husband and wife and a few children, disgracefully dressed out with the sweepings of civilization, came forth and stared upon the emigrants. The silent stoicism of their conduct, and the pathetic degradation of their appearance, would

have touched any thinking creature; but my fellow-passengers danced and jested round them with a truly cockney baseness. I was ashamed for the thing we call civilization. We should carry upon our consciences so much, at least, of our forefather's misconduct, as we continue to profit by ourselves.

If oppression drives a wise man mad, what should be raging in the hearts of these poor tribes, who have been driven back and back, step after step, their promised reservations torn from them one after another as the States extended westward, until at length they are shut up into these hideous mountain deserts of the centre — and even there find themselves invaded, insulted, and hunted out by ruffianly diggers? The eviction of the Cherokees (to name but an instance), the extortion of Indian agents, the outrages of the wicked, the ill faith of all, nay, down to the ridicule of such poor beings as were here with me upon the train, make up a chapter of injustice and indignity such as a man must be in some ways base if his heart will suffer him to pardon or forget. These old, well-founded, historical hatreds have a savor of nobility for the independent. That the Jew should not love the Christian, nor the Irishman love the English, nor the Indian brave tolerate the thought of the American, is not disgraceful to the nature of man; rather, indeed, honorable, since it depends on wrongs ancient like the race, and not personal to him who cherishes the indignation.

As for the Indians, there are of course many unteachable and wedded to war and their wild habits; but many also who, with fairer usage, might learn the virtues of the peaceful state. You will find a valley in the county of Monterey, drained by the river of Carmel: a true Californian valley, bare, dotted with chapparal, overlooked by quaint, unfinished hills. The Carmel runs by many pleasant farms, a clear and shallow river, loved by wading kine; and at last, as it is falling towards a quicksand and the great Pacific, passes a ruined mission on a hill. From the church the eye embraces a great field of ocean, and the ear is filled with a continuous sound of distant breakers on the shore. The roof has fallen; the ground squirrel scampers on the graves; the holy bell of St. Charles is long dismounted; yet one day in every year the church awakes from silence, and the Indians return to worship in the church of their converted fathers. I have seen them trooping thither, young and old, in their

clean print dresses, with those strange, handsome, melancholy features, which seem predestined to a national calamity; and it was notable to hear the old Latin words and old Gregorian music sung, with nasal fervor, and in a swift, staccato style, by a trained chorus of red Indian men and women. In the huts of the Rancherie they have ancient European Mass-books, in which they study together to be perfect. An old blind man was their leader. With his eyes bandaged, and leaning on a staff, he was led into his place in church by a little grandchild. He had seen changes in the world since first he sang that music sixty years ago, when there was no gold and no Yankees, and he and his people lived in plenty under the wing of the kind priests. The mission church is in ruins; the Rancherie, they tell me, encroached upon by Yankee new-comers; the little age of gold is over for the Indian; but he has had a breathing-space in Carmel valley before he goes down to the dust with his red fathers.

#### TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

A little corner of Utah is soon traversed, and leaves no particular impressions on the mind. By an early hour on Wednesday morning we stopped to breakfast at Toano, a little station on a bleak, high-lying plateau in Nevada. The man who kept the station eating-house was a Scot, and learning that I was the same, he grew very friendly, and gave me some advice on the country I was now entering. "You see," said he, "I tell you this because I came from your country." Hail, brither Scots!

His most important hint was on the moneys of this part of the world. There is something in the simplicity of a decimal coinage which is revolting to the human mind; thus the French, in small affairs, reckon strictly by halfpence; and you have to solve, by a spasm of mental arithmetic, such posers as thirty-two, forty-five, or even a hundred halfpence. In the Pacific States they have made a bolder push for complexity, and settle their affairs by a coin that no longer exists—the *bit*, or old Mexican real. The supposed value of the bit is twelve and a half cents, eight to the dollar. When it comes to two bits, the quarter-dollar stands for the required amount. But how about an odd bit? The nearest coin to it is a dime, which is short by a fifth. That, then, is called a *short bit*. If you have one, you lay it triumphantly down, and save two and a half cents. But if you

have it not, and lay down a quarter, the barkeeper or shopman calmly tenders you a dime by way of change; and thus you have paid what is called a *long bit*, and lost two and a half cents, or even, by comparison with a short bit, five cents. In country places all over the Pacific coast, nothing lower than a bit is ever asked or taken, which vastly increases the cost of life; as even for a glass of beer you must pay fivepence or sevenpence-half-penny, as the case may be. You would say that this system of mutual robbery was as broad as it was long; but I have discovered a plan to make it broader, with which I here endow the public. It is brief and simple—radiantly simple. There is one place where five cents are recognized, and that is the post-office. A quarter is only worth two bits, a short and a long. Whenever you have a quarter, go to the post-office and buy five cents' worth of postage-stamps; you will receive in change two dimes, that is, two short bits. The purchasing power of your money is undiminished. You cango and have your two glasses of beer all the same; and you have made yourself a present of five cents' worth of postage-stamps into the bargain. Benjamin Franklin would have patted me on the head for this discovery.

From Toano we travelled all day through deserts of alkali and sand, horrible to man, and bare sage-brush country that seemed little kindlier, and came by supper-time to Elko. As we were standing, after our manner, outside the station, I saw two men whip suddenly from underneath the cars, and take to their heels across country. They were tramps, it appeared, who had been riding on the beams since eleven of the night before; and several of my fellow-passengers had already seen and conversed with them while we broke our fast at Toano. These land stowaways play a great part over here in America, and I should have liked dearly to become acquainted with them.

At Elko an odd circumstance befell me. I was coming out from supper, when I was stopped by a small, stout, ruddy man, followed by two others taller and ruddier than himself.

"Ex-cuse me, sir," he said, "but do you happen to be going on?"

I said I was, whereupon he said he hoped to persuade me to desist from that intention. He had a situation to offer me, and if we could come to terms, why, good and well. "You see," he continued, "I'm running a theatre here, and

we're a little short in the orchestra. You're a musician, I guess?"

I assured him that, beyond a rudimentary acquaintance with "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Wearing of the Green," I had no pretension whatever to that style. He seemed much put out of countenance; and one of his taller companions asked him, on the nail, for five dollars.

"You see, sir," added the latter to me, "he bet you were a musician; I bet you weren't. No offence, I hope?"

"None whatever," I said, and the two withdrew to the bar, where I presume the debt was liquidated.

This little adventure woke bright hopes in my fellow-travellers, who thought they had now come to a country where situations went a-begging. But I am not so sure that the offer was in good faith. Indeed, I am more than half persuaded it was but a feeler to decide the bet.

Of all the next day I will tell you nothing, for the best of all reasons, that I remember no more than that we continued through desolate and desert scenes, fiery hot and deadly weary. But some time after I had fallen asleep that night, I was awakened by one of my companions. It was in vain that I resisted. A fire of enthusiasm and whiskey burned in his eyes; and he declared we were in a new country, and I must come forth upon the platform and see with my own eyes. The train was then, in its patient way, standing halted in a by-track. It was a clear, moonlit night; but the valley was too narrow to admit the moonshine direct, and only a diffused glimmer whitened the tall rocks and relieved the blackness of the pines. A hoarse clamor filled the air; it was the continuous plunge of a cascade somewhere near at hand among the mountains. The air struck chill, but tasted good and vigorous in the nostrils — a fine, dry, old mountain atmosphere. I was dead sleepy, but I returned to roost with a grateful mountain feeling at my heart.

When I awoke next morning, I was puzzled for a while to know if it were day or night, for the illumination was unusual. I sat up at last, and found we were grading slowly downward through a long snowshed; and suddenly we shot into an open; and before we were swallowed into the next length of wooden tunnel, I had one glimpse of a huge, pine-forested ravine upon my left, a foaming river, and a sky already colored with the fires of dawn. I am usually very calm over the displays of

nature; but you will scarce believe how my heart leaped at this. It was like meeting one's wife. I had come home again — home from unsightly deserts, to the green and habitable corners of the earth. Every spire of pine along the hilltop, every trouty pool along that mountain river, was more dear to me than a blood relation. Few people have praised God more happily than I did. And thenceforward, down by Blue Canyon, Alta, Dutch Flat, and all the old mining camps, through a sea of mountain forests, dropping thousands of feet toward the far sea-level as we went, not I only, but all the passengers on board, threw off their sense of dirt and heat and weariness, and bawled like schoolboys, and thronged with shining eyes upon the platform, and became new creatures within and without. The sun no longer oppressed us with heat, — it only shone laughingly along the mountain-side, until we were fain to laugh ourselves for glee. At every turn we could see further into the land and our own happy futures. At every town the cocks were tossing their clear notes into the golden air, and crowing for the new day and the new country. For this was indeed our destination; this was "the good country" we had been going to so long.

By afternoon we were at Sacramento, the city of gardens in a plain of corn; and the next day before the dawn we were lying to upon the Oakland side of San Francisco Bay. The day was breaking as we crossed the ferry; the fog was rising over the city hills of San Francisco; the bay was perfect — not a ripple, scarce a stain, upon its blue expanse; everything was waiting, breathless, for the sun. A spot of cloudy gold lit first upon the head of Tamalpais, and then widened downward on its shapely shoulder; the air seemed to awaken, and began to sparkle; and suddenly

The tall hills Titan discovered,  
and the city of San Francisco, and the bay of gold and corn, were lit from end to end with summer daylight.

R. L. STEVENSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MASTER TOMMY'S EXPERIMENT:

A HEATHER-BURNING STORY.

ONE breezy morning in late March, the factor, his grieve, and a couple of keepers



stood on an occupation road, at a gate leading out on to a great stretch of moorland. The heather was black in many places, or rather there were black spots and long lanes running through the heather, showing where it had been recently burnt, and the men were discussing the advisability of continuing their work and burning more. The wind was so high, and the ling which came next in turn was so dry and parched by it, helped by occasional blinks of a March sun, that the keeper was afraid the fire might get "the head of them," and burn more than would be good for his department; and the forester, who arrived shortly after the discussion began, concurred in these views. But the grieve, a man of weight, both in opinion and substance, vehemently scoffed at the possibility of such a thing happening. "We've plenty of hands," he said; "the season is getting on, and we've still lots to do, and if we don't do it now, we shan't do it at all this year — that's *my* opinion. When the head keeper suggested that even if half the moor was burnt, he, the grieve, would not be much put out, that official threw the taunt aside with a grunt, and fixed his eyes on the factor, awaiting his decision. And the factor, being interested in the keeper's grouse and the grieve's sheep, as well as in the plantation which the forester was always trying to persuade his master to make on part of that hillside, considered the matter fairly and dispassionately, and thus gave it: "We'll try it, anyhow, and we'll take plenty of men." Then the grieve blew a joyous whistle, putting a forefinger of each hand in his mouth, causing to issue thence a shrill sound, which went far over hill and dale; and in a short time a goodly array of men appeared from all parts of the compass — from the steading below, and from various bothies and cottages round, some of them finishing their breakfasts as they arrived, and all armed with one or two long switches of birch, called technically "beaters," or "trees." They, too, had been discussing the wind, uncertain as to what would prove the order of the day; but when it came they came also, like good soldiers, keeping their private opinions to themselves, whatever they might be — or at all events, not obtruding them upon their betters.

This small army, twenty or so in number, climbed the hill above them, and soon reached the place where the day's work was to commence. The factor lit a match — the wind had it out in a second, but

not before the thin white grass, to which it was applied, caught fire. The grieve thrust a long withered bunch of heather into the young flame, and in a few seconds ran out a line of fire twenty yards long. The men ranged themselves up against it, and with their birch switches beat out the flame on the windward side, — not always easy work, for it ran through the undergrowth with wonderful quickness, — and care, and sometimes a few minutes' hard work, was necessary to prevent its spreading in a wrong direction. In an hour, a very long line of fire was established, ever eating up against the breeze, crackling and sputtering, and reducing to soft black powder or burnt stalks everything that came in its way. Then — when this line was four or five feet wide — the heather, fifty yards off, was kindled in a parallel, and a rush of red flame and gray dense smoke tore over the strip, raging and fuming with irresistible fury till it reached the black boundary, where it immediately died harmlessly out. The first line was ever carried on well in advance of the second, and before midday a long, black trail was left behind, carried up hill and down dale, straight and even, measured and kept in check by the careful eyes of men trained and experienced in such work. The men had brought what they called "a dry piece" with them, and the factor supplied the moisture which they considered necessary for its proper digestion — whisky. They all had a glass at dinner-time, and about six o'clock were preparing for another as a strengthener for the last hour's work, when an accident happened which made them all change their plans, and prevented many an honest fellow from eating his porridge at home that night, or sleeping in his own bed.

That morning Master Tommy, aged ten, son of the laird, went through the programme which he had for some time chalked out for himself as being necessary. He hid himself in the barn, then in a shrubbery, was discovered, admonished, howled, had his ears boxed, and then consented to set out on his daily visit to the kind minister who was teaching him Latin — a governess accompanying him to the gate of the manse, and watching him safely inside the door. Master Tommy had not advanced far enough into the mysteries of the noble language to become greatly enamored of it; and never had the verb *amo* seemed more hollow to him, or more meaningless, than on that fine March morning. On the



previous day — a half-holiday — he had, for the first time, assisted at the annual ceremony of "muir-burn." A good-natured keeper had got him a birchen switch suitable to his age and dimensions, and Tommy, most exceedingly to his edification, had spent three hours in thrashing away at any bit of flame he could reach. He got greatly in the way of everybody. Now and then he tumbled into a hag, and had to be pulled out. Two or three times he lost himself in the smoke, and announced his condition to all whom it might concern with wild and mournful howls. He was voted a nuisance by every one on the hill; but this did not lessen his enjoyment in the least, and he was much put out when the last flames were extinguished, and he was told the fun was over for the day. Then he went home; and a more grimy, smoky urchin never entered his father's house. His clothes were torn and his face black, and he carried with him into the drawing-room an atmosphere which caused him to be promptly ejected, a housemaid being sent in chase, with orders to severely wash him. When the process had been carried out — not without much kicking — and the soap was well from his eyes, he informed her that burning heather was the grandest sport in which he had ever engaged, and that for his part, when he became a man, he intended to do little else. But the next morning, as we have related, his manoeuvres to avoid lessons were detected and checkmated, and strict orders were given that he was to return to the house immediately the minister let him go, and that on no account was he to think of going on the hill again. Tommy, without any intention of keeping it, gave his word, as being the easiest way of preventing a messenger being sent to conduct him home at night. But he was so inattentive and so troublesome to his tutor, that that gentleman, after a long lecture on his bad behavior and evil ways, was glad to let him go at four o'clock — a full hour before his time. Tommy carefully reconnoitred the road near the manse, to see if any one was lying in wait to take him home, and then, climbing the dyke, set off with a beating heart, as fast as his small legs would let him, to the nearest hilltop, from which he expected to be able to see signs of the whereabouts of the workmen. His sagacity was rewarded. He saw a long line of fire slowly burning up against the wind, but at a great distance: he could not make out the figures of the men attending it. Tommy, however, was not so dis-

heartened at this as might have been supposed. Crushed into a shapeless mass in one of his hot knickerbocker pockets was an emblem of great power — a box of matches, warranted to strike on anything. He drew this treasure out, and with a shaking hand struck one, and lit a small isolated tuft of heather. Then with a larger tuft, which he managed to pull up, he beat out the flame almost before it had well kindled. There was shelter in this hollow, though on the open moor the wind was blowing as freshly as ever, and he had no difficulty in accomplishing this. So for a long time he amused himself mightily, burning tiny patches here and there; and as the ground was damp and the heather poor and thin, he easily put out his conflagrations. Tommy was a sharp and clever boy, and he had sense enough to know that a big flame would be the means of bringing people down to see what was the matter and inquire as to the kindler, — and he did not want to betray himself and curtail his delightful amusement. But the spirit of mischief was abroad on those moors that March afternoon — whether in the shape of old Katherine Buchanan the witch, as some said afterwards, or merely as an impalpable essence, as is most likely, matters little — and this spirit led Tommy step by step from the safe and thinly covered marshy hollow towards the skirt of a long plantation. This plantation had been in some respects a failure. The ground was cold, and the larch and firs had made but small progress, rather inclining to bush out in width than exert themselves to stand up as forest trees. After the forester and his men had several times "beat up" the wood, making good the gaps among the plants, the owner got tired of their want of success. The fences were "let" down, and sheep and cattle could get in if they wanted. But there was little there to tempt them: the long, rank heather, and the still longer sour white grass, would have been despised by any old blackface who stood on this side of starvation. This badly developed wood was about eight hundred yards long, and lay broadside on to a vast extent of moorland, terminated by older woods, and the latter stretched away in stately pride for miles and miles. The heather on the far side of the young wood at which Tommy had arrived was exceedingly dense and high. The authorities had meditated planting this also, but the failure in what had already been done made them delay the work, and meanwhile it

had not been burnt or interfered with, but left that it might be a shelter to the young trees, if ever they were put in: young wood does not do well on burnt ground.

If we have made the surroundings of this place clear to the reader, we have shown that a mischievous boy possessed of that most dangerous commodity, a little learning, and a box of matches to boot, could not well have been deposited in a locality where he could do more harm. Tommy eyed the long, rank heather on the tumbled-down bank of the plantation, and a noble ambition shot into his mind. "I'll light it below," he thought, "and then run up the bank and put it out before it gets on. It'll burn splendidly!" This boy, after his late experiences, considered himself capable of coping with a very formidable conflagration. He had been timid in the hollow, where there was no need for fear, and now he was about to be fearfully rash where there was the greatest cause for alarm. "Be not too bold," Tommy had never read Spenser, and would have appreciated him as much as the Latin grammar. He struck one of his last matches, applied it to an inviting tussock of dry grass, and sprang up the bank, armed with his little heather switch. He did not stay there long, however, neither had he occasion to use any more of the treasures in his box. In two or three seconds Tommy jumped off this bank, dropped his switch, and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him; and the wish that predominated then in his small breast was that he had never been born.

The fire ran quickly up the sloping bank; then for a moment or two it seemed baffled, and a man with strong arms and a knowledge of using them, could have got the mastery. But it slowly worked its way across the thin herbage on the turf dyke, and got inside the wood: a long, venomous, yellow flame shot out ahead, and touched a tuft of grass; ready fuel lay on every side, and the plantation was fairly alight in a few seconds. The fire spread out and took to itself ample ground. It ran furiously in a long red and yellow wall up the little brae where the trees first began, encouraged and fanned by the motion in the air its own blaze made, shrivelling up the stunted Scotch firs and spruce which had so long striven to make their livelihood out of the inhospitable soil, and had now to see and feel a moment's blaze and pain ruin the work of years. As it neared the

top of the brae the fire got help from the wind roughly blowing where there was no shelter, and it then went roaring and hissing through the plantation, driving out all its small tenants — the rabbits and hares — and proclaiming in a most unmistakable way to all within a wide radius that it had started off at last to do its work, and that it meant to do it thoroughly.

So, about six o'clock, the men legitimately burning, a mile and a half or so away from the scene of Master Tommy's little experiment, were thinking of their suppers, and impatiently watching the indefatigable grieve, who still kept running out his safety-lines and calling on them to stand by him lest the boundaries should be passed. Old Mungo M'Naughton had been sent a little way back to bring on the basket which held the whisky and the glasses. Mungo pulled out the cork of one bottle and tasted it, to see if any of the idle loons had been playing a trick on honest men by exchanging peat water for good liquor; and while he was slowly tilting the bottle's base up against the dying sun, he became aware of something which alarmed him so much that he swallowed more in one gulp than he could manage, and nearly choked, and for a moment he could not call out. By the time the whisky had found out its way — some through his waistcoat, but the bulk down his shrivelled old throat — the other men had seen the blaze, and he lost forever the credit and honor of having been the first to call attention to it. "What's that, forester?" "By —, what's that?" "The young wood's on fire!" "Away with you; run, men, run; get to it for God's sake, or we'll never manage that!" The factor called the oldest and steadiest boy to him: "Run for your life, lad, to the farm, and alarm everybody. Shout at all the bothies, and send up every living soul to the hill." The lad set off like a young deer, grieving to leave temporarily the scene of so much excitement, and yet proud of his task, and at being the first bearer of ill news. Two active men were detailed to cut fresh beaters in a neighboring wood, and then the factor set off after his rapidly lessening men as hard as he could stretch, with that peculiar sinking about the knees and thumping of the heart which people feel when suddenly called on for exciting work which entails great physical labor. Wonderful stories were told afterwards as to the time taken by some active souls to cover that

mile and a half. Robert McCorquodael claimed to have been the first at the fire; but as he was reported to have slunk away half an hour previously, hoping not to be missed, and his house lay in the direction of the manse, he did not ultimately get as much credit for his nimbleness as he thought due. However, in no long time every one was up, different emotions agitating different bosoms,—some of the youngsters merely excited at the prospect of seeing enormous damage caused; the older men understanding well the long and serious work which lay before them. The grieve and keepers were horrified at the sight, and the head forester almost out of his mind at the prospect of such ruin to his department.

The sight was an appalling one: the fire was sweeping up the whole breadth of the plantation, and not all the men in Scotland and all the fire-engines in London would have availed anything there. The wind drove it furiously on; great flames shot out on all sides—twisted, yellow, scorching flames—licking up with thirsty tongues everything that came in their way, shooting out with extraordinary rapidity twenty feet in advance, and seizing on everything they touched. Green or dry it made little difference, and the spreading spruce and silver firs, which would have burned but languidly on a bonfire, changed in a moment their sappy luxuriance for a shrivelled mass of brown desolation. No one there, however little used to such a sight, but knew that to attempt to cope with the fire then was as useless as to start to bail Loch Awe with a stable-bucket. The god would work his way in that wood at any rate, let who will say him nay. The men were as bold and hardy and daring as Scotch hillmen could be, but even they could do nothing against the mass of red edging from which flames shot out many feet, and fiercely licked round the forms of any standing within measurable distance of their possessions. The grieve pluckily tried it, darting in at a weak place and giving one mighty stroke with his beater. The grieve went in,—a man clad in a hairy and woolly suit of homespun, a good curly beard and moustache adorning his cheerful face,—and he came out a singed and scorched creature, hardly recognized by his wife the next day, every hair on his knickerbockers and coat and stockings gone, and most of those on his face sadly curtailed.

The factor put most of his men in front of the wood, a few being left on either

side to put out the flaming bits of grass which were now and then blown over into the heather. These latter had plenty of work to do. The light bent flew like small comets from the plantation; and the herbage being very dry, it took many quickly repeated blows of the beaters to put out even a tiny flame, so rapidly did the fire run along the ground. "Swish" would come a huge besom, driven with a will by a great, strong fellow into a flaming tuft, and the blaze would seemingly go out; but even whilst he was raising his beater for another stroke, it would start up again, defying him, and the quickly applied strokes of two or three men might be wanted to keep it in check. The factor and some of the men stood at the end of the wood, inactive then, for the fire had not yet reached the boundary, but bracing themselves up as it were for work which they knew a few minutes would bring them. And then one man there compared small things with great, and remembered the description which Napier gives of how, in one of the great battles of the Peninsula, a lull came over the fight, and for a few moments after the explosion of a magazine the men of both armies stood idle on the bare Spanish hillside—idle for a moment, to get on with their work more fiercely after the short pause.

The sight of the great irregular wall of advancing flame was a very grand one, and it seemed grander to an onlooker a little removed from the smoke and splutter and minor noises which it created. Like Job's war-horse, it devoured the ground—all that stood upon the ground; a man did not need a poetical imagination to compare it with an army. Like an army it had its advanced guards—the long, lurching flames which pioneered the way. The tufts of burning grass, which fell thickly on the sides, might be likened to spies sent out to see the lie of the land. And like an irresistible army it pressed on,—the bravest troops on earth would have to retreat before such a foe.

When the men first came round to the head of the wood, they set to work to lay a snare for the enemy they could not fairly meet, and they began to burn a line some hundred yards ahead of the last fence, so that he might exhaust his fury on bare ground. But the heather was so dense and rank and dry, and the breadth to be covered so great, that the factor stopped them. He was afraid of the new fire occupying their attention when they ought to be grappling with the old.

He wished to save their strength; the switches, too, were worn, and the new supply had not yet come. And lastly, though all this has taken some time to read, the doing of it was quickly carried out. Only a few stragglers had come up yet, and it was with divided forces, and weary arms, and inefficient weapons, that the enemy had to be met. A few seconds would show whether men were to sleep in bed that night, or spend it in grappling with the wildest conflagration the oldest inhabitant had ever seen. The great, irregular wall of fire came threateningly on; already stray bits of lighted stuff flew on ahead, each one kindling the heather outside, and being hastily beaten and trampled out by hurrying men. But the flames were still some way back from the plantation fence when most saw that nothing but a miracle could save them from spreading over that frail march. The wind seemed to exult in giving help to their enemy, — a hundred burning tufts flew out on to the moor — five hundred — a thousand: panting men beating out one in their front found two or three blazing up at their backs, each demanding instant attention. Every blow of the beaters loosened lighted fragments of the wiry bent, dry as touchwood, and these in their turn kindled fresh places. By the time the reinforcements arrived, and fresh strength was added to the weary workers, the wood was left far behind, black and smouldering, and a great body of flame was driving through the heather, pressing across the moor towards the thousands of acres of wood which still rejoiced in their green beauty miles away, whilst a hundred and fifty men toiled in its wake, and thrust themselves on its flanks, and even unavailing charged it in front. And the good men set their teeth and swore to themselves, that if men could put out that fire they would do it; and the skulkers idled and lit their pipes, and wondered how much whisky they would be able to get hold of, working prodigiously when the factor or any one in authority was near. Before nine o'clock the fire was a mile and a half on its way, with a head a quarter of a mile broad, the crowd following it, doing at present little more than follow it, but yet in some measure guiding it and preventing it from spreading and carrying utter desolation over the whole length and breadth of the moors. The frightened grouse and black game flew before it; the wood-cocks nestled in the heather, hardly stirring till the heat compelled them; and the beetles and

snails and ants, and all manner of creeping things, "perished in the flaming night of their last judgment."

An idle man would have found much to interest him in the way in which different people did their work that night, and could have made many studies of character by that fierce light. The estate on which all this happened was a very large one, and many different trades were represented on the hill. There was the clerk of works, summoned from his office by a shrieking lass telling him that "the property was on fire." It was not his business to meddle with such things, but he was there as soon as any one, manfully lashing at the fierce red edge, and retiring at intervals into the dark background to cough and groan out the smoke which penetrated into the inmost recesses of his honest interior. Many of his men were there too, — masons and joiners and plumbers, in the main good fellows, — working hard and diligently at the unaccustomed job. The cattleman left his cattle; the butler asked leave for absence from dinner, and had to return after coming half the way, to change his dress coat. Many shepherds were there: they hurried from their homes in lonely glens, guided by the great blaze which their knowledge of the ground told them had no right to be where it was. These men understood their business: they did not rush at their work with the fury of inexperience, but quietly and determinedly stuck to it in a way which was in the long run the most serviceable. In fact, every able-bodied man in the district, and many who were exceedingly decrepid, reached during the night the place of action. And all these men worked according to their inclinations and lights, — no one had time to see in the smoke and confusion that individuals scattered over a large space did what they ought.

"We'll no' manage it unless the wind gaes down," said a shepherd.

"We *must* manage it," said the factor.

"We'll no' manage it, wind or no'," said an old saw-miller, who had been attracted by the blaze and the hope of whisky, and who had not done one stroke of real work.

"It'll be in Langwell wood in an hour," said another.

"If it gets into Langwell," said the forester, "it'll get into Creildarrach; and if its gets into Creildarrach —"

Perhaps the factor should have gone on at once and made sure of the safety of the Langwell woods by burning a strip

outside, but that meant sacrificing most of the moor which lay in front of them. He was very anxious to save some part of it, and he knew that the shepherd had greatly overestimated the pace at which the work of destruction was being done. On him the responsibility rested, and it was not easy to decide, — it was almost painful. He compromised the matter.

"We will stay here for a bit," he said, "and if the worst comes to the worst, we shall still have time to save the woods."

The forester shook his head at this decision, and once more applied himself to his work. Soon there were two hundred men on the ground — nearly one-half quite useless — and large supplies of bread and cheese and drink arrived; but birch-beaters were scarce, and they were wanted most of all. Great big fellows were expending their strength in thrashing at the flames with sticks almost as thin and as "feckless" as a pitchfork would have been. It is not always easy to cut good ones by daylight, and it is exceedingly difficult to get them at night. So many that were brought up were useless — too heavy to wield, or too thin to do any good; and some of the men at last strapped bunches of heather to their sticks and used them. The food and its accompaniment tempted some to stray away and hold little impromptu picnics in the dark, and all this took time; and there are few seasons when time is more valuable than when fire of any kind has to be fought.

Then the factor saw he was beaten where he stood. The men were hardly gaining ground. Many of the good workers were worn out and unable to do more, and many were discouraged; and finding their feeble efforts of little use, became still feebler, and stood by, as it were, when they could, and wondered what would happen. He got hold of about five-and-twenty men, some good and some evil, and leaving the command and his last instructions to the forester, led his detachment, as quickly as he could get them to travel, across the rough moor to where the great woods began. It was a relief to feel the cool wind blowing, free from smoke and heat, and to leave behind for a little the din and roar and confusion of the huge tossing mass of flame. Arriving at the wood, they carefully began to use their enemy as a friend; and as a surgeon will sometimes stop a dangerous bleeding by cutting an artery, and causing for a moment a greater flow of blood, so did they set fire against fire by burning a

line of defence for the plantation. It was no easy task: the night was now very dark, the switches almost useless; the heather here also was so rank and high that the greatest caution was necessary to keep it from spreading. A boy lit the line too far ahead, and it got away from them and passed on to the wood; and at one time it seemed to the half-distracted factor that by their coming they had merely hastened the advent of the fire. It was put out, however, by immense exertion; and they got back to their old stations, owing to the increasing strength of the wind, and, to some extent, to the withdrawal of the small force sent on, before the old fire burned more fiercely than ever. There were no brooks in its way, few sheep drains, and these well filled in and harmless; and the flames swept on, meeting with small opposition: if they lost ground for a moment in one place at a temporary obstacle, at another they were sure to gain. A band of wearied, blackened, silent men followed it, doing what they could. Some had fallen out of the ranks and were left far behind, and those for the most part the best. A sturdy Highlander is bad to beat at anything on which his mind is deeply set, but even his sinews and limbs will fail at last if no rest is given them. Few of the workers waste their strength in shouts now, though at the first there had been no lack of shouting.

"We're no' fit for it," said an ancient "bodach" who for hours had done nothing but give advice and smoke; and this feeling was probably more or less strong in most of the men's minds.

If the factor got his track burnt in time, the fire was beaten; if not, they were. It seemed doubtful if the track would be burnt in time. Part of it was well done, — a broad band of smouldering turf lay like a black moat round its fortress — the forest; but lower down the hill, and yet well within the scope of the approaching fire, the wood was still undefended. The heather there had to be burnt slowly and cautiously for the reasons given, and the most part of it remained unburnt when the old fire was within a hundred yards, — a wide strip of dense high ling keeping up the dangerous communication between the moor and the trees. Then the factor called off all his men, and took them to meet their enemy. He knew that as the greedy blaze rolled up it, it would die out harmlessly on reaching his burnt strip, and that its power would be concentrated on the nar-



rower lane which ran into the wood, and that it must be beaten there if anywhere. He shouted this out to the men, — some heard, and some not; but all, at any rate, knew that a few seconds would show whether the woods of half a county were to go down or not.

Those men who had not already left their coats behind took them off now, and used them as beaters. The flames were so long and hot that it was quite impossible to tackle them in front, almost impossible from the sides; but a gap had to be made in them for a start, and after a second's pause, a shepherd threw himself into the fiery mass, — a brave jump, and brought his heavy beater down. He was badly burnt about the legs and face, and had to come out at once and go home, but his daring saved the woods. A dozen followed him, and a gap was made in the long bright line of fire. Then the shouting began again — "Out with it! out with it! out with it! Now we have her: into her men, into her *now!*" and a stumbling, half-suffocated, yelling mass pressed forward hard on the flames, beating them with coats and what switches were left, trampling on them, gaining on them rapidly, extinguishing them by sheer weight. There was no shirking *then*. The top of a knoll was reached, and all saw the tall, dark pines of the old woods standing mistily out above the smoke against the dim sky. They saw, too, the head of the fire just thirty yards in front of them, burning almost as hotly as ever, but narrowed by want of fuel on one side. But its assailants were close upon it, and their goal was in sight; and the men gave a mighty roar, and rushed at their prey. Peter M'Doodle, and Roderick M'Gillp, and Johnnie M'Howdie, were the first down from that knoll. But as the grieve said the next day, "It was no' *their* fault; the deevils had no choice g'ien them; they had to gae down on their legs or lie down on their stummacks and be run ower."

In twenty seconds the fire was extinguished. A shepherd smashed out the last blazing bit, and an old mole-catcher, having neither wind nor strength left him to raise his aching arm, just eyed for a moment a dangerous mass of red-hot ashes, and then sat down on it. The woods were saved.

The next morning the fire was naturally a topic of conversation at the big house, and many were the surmises as to how it originated. The laird, soon after breakfast, called for Tommy to go with him up

to the hill and see the mischief that had been done.

"Where's Master Tommy?"

"I think he is at the manse, sir."

"But it's not his time," said the astonished father, who well knew his son's proclivities. And then a suspicion shot through his breast. Ah, Tommy! foolish, foolish Tommy! *that* was not a wise move of yours. You might have known it was one which would attract attention at any time. *You* go voluntarily to school? Not without reason. Later, the whole matter was explained — matches were found in his greasy knickerbocker pockets. A note to the minister brought back a reply stating at what time he had left the manse. He had been late in returning home. How did he explain the hiatus? Tommy declined to explain anything. It is the duty of an upright historian not to blink facts, however unpleasant, but mercifully custom permits him to draw a veil over minute and unpleasant detail. So it is sufficient to say that a tall woman, of severe countenance and great muscular development — his nurse — spent some time in a copse, apparently cutting a heather-beater of birch, to be ready in case of an emergency. With this in one hand, and Master Tommy, so to speak, in the other, she disappeared into an inner chamber, where it would be unbecoming to follow. Master Tommy has, during the last few days, quite lost his taste for "muir-burn." He looks askance at the beaters, and vows that the smell of heather smoke almost makes him sick.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
KING MTESA.

A TELEGRAM from Zanzibar has announced the death of the most remarkable of African potentates — a king who has never ceased to interest Europeans since he was introduced to them more than twenty years ago by Captain Speke. The figure of Mtésa, king of Uganda, with his barbaric court, hedged in by even more formality and ceremoniousness than the *aula* of the Holy Roman Empire; his teeming harem; his summary and often indiscriminate justice; and his curious mixture of shrewd cunning and childishness, — stood forth in such bold relief on Speke's brilliant pages, that it has never since failed to claim an attention denied to any other African prince, with the exception of those like Cetewayo and King



Coffee, with whom we have been brought into actual hostility. Of Speke's and Grant's discoveries, Mtesa was not the least interesting item; and to the accounts given of him by these distinguished travellers is due the notice which his death has attracted. Since the time of Speke and Grant other explorers and missionaries have visited the court of Uganda, and each of them has added his testimony to the striking character of its ruler. The most prominent was Mr. Stanley, whose account of the king's later years offers many notable points of contrast to the experiences of the first Europeans who visited Mtesa.

From the attractions of its court and its geographical position on Victoria Nyanza, Uganda has been a magnet drawing people of many tribes and nations; and Mtesa was brought more into contact with external civilization than any of his fellow-potentates in the equatorial region. How accessible he was to outside influence may readily be inferred from a comparison of Stanley's observations with those of Speke and Grant. The illustrations to Speke's "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile" show the king and his court in the costume and manners of primitive African barbarism, but invested with a rude dignity that was imposing from its very simplicity.

A more theatrical sight I never saw [says Speke]. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new *mbügü*. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cockscomb. On his neck was a very neat ornament — a large ring, of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his "getting up." For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plain-water, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman — the Uganda cognizance — were by

his side, as also a knot of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side; and on the other was a band of *Wichwézi*, or lady-sorcerers.

The plates which illustrate the more recent works of travel are significant of the enlarged ideas which, in the course of twenty years' intercourse with explorers, and a more free communication with the Mohammedans of the coast, had opened up in the king's mind. The king appears in a semi-Moslem attire. The bark clothes and beautiful skins of the country, worn down to the ankles, had given place to the tawdry muslins of the Arabs, and taken away the primitive and national appearance which the king and his courtiers wore when girt in their simple robes of *mbügü*, without shoes, stockings, or hats. The change which came over Mtesa seems to have corresponded with the alteration in his outward appearance. He was young, brave, handsome, and fearless, full of dignity and dash, when seen at the early age of twenty-five — viz., in 1862 — by Captains Speke and Grant. He had not then been long on the throne. He had been chosen by the chiefs of Uganda from among forty or fifty brothers, the sons of King Sunna, and his career fully justified the wisdom of his selection. In the "Journal" we have a most amusing account of the struggles made by the young monarch to safeguard his dignity, and at the same time gratify his curiosity during Speke's visit. The efforts made by the explorer to have himself recognized as standing on a footing of equality with the king, and the skilful persistency with which Mtesa evaded his demands, and also succeeded in retaining Speke at his court, is a comical proof of the success with which the arts of diplomacy may be cultivated among even the most primitive peoples. The talents which Mtesa unfolded in his intercourse with Speke appear to have become fully developed in succeeding years. Though apparently a despotic and frequently cruel ruler, he acted under the control of his ministry, and exerted, by diplomacy or force, a paramount influence over all the States on his borders and around the shores of his lake. He had a large army at his command — a hundred and twenty-five thousand fighting men, according to Stanley; and he appears to have found constant occupation for these outside his own territories, for almost every traveller who has visited Uganda has found Mtesa's forces engaged in expeditionary operations against some of his rival neighbors

or recalcitrant feudatories. Like most African monarchs, he placed little or no value on human life. Speke declared that during his residence in Mtésa's palace, he witnessed almost every day one, two, or three of the wretched palace-women led past with heartrending cries to instant death; and the executioner was one of the great officers of state, as seems usual in African courts. On the other hand, Mtésa appeared to be easily accessible to appeals for mercy, and readily granted to Captain Speke the life of one of his courtiers who had been ordered for execution, thinking that the matter was so trivial a one as not to be worth disobliging a distinguished stranger for. A free exercise of his power to inflict death was, in Mtésa's estimation, necessary to the maintenance of his dignity; besides, it was the traditional custom of his country; and, by way of impressing his importance on Colonel Long, he had some thirty of his subjects killed on the occasion of that traveller's first visit to his palace, while a smaller number was sacrificed at each of his successive receptions.

At the time of Speke's visit Mtésa's religion was the ordinary paganism of the country; and he had a profound belief in witchcraft and magic. Every article presented to the king had previously to be touched by some of the witch-doctors of his court, in order that all possible harm from poison or magic might be removed from it; but by the time that Stanley visited Uganda, the king and his court had adopted a corrupt species of Mohammedanism which had been picked up from the Arab traders of the east coast. King Mtésa, however, certainly never possessed more than the merest smattering of the faith of Islam, which supplemented rather than superseded his former beliefs; and down to his latest days the witch doctors and witch-priestesses played an important part in all court ceremonials. Mr. Stanley claims credit for having made a convert to Christianity of Mtésa. He took some pains to explain its leading doctrines to the king, who listened attentively, and received its truths in an unquestioning spirit, according to his teacher; but though he made a formal profession of his belief in the superiority of Christianity to Islamism, he cannot be said in practice to have shown any grasp or appreciation of the doctrines of the gospel, or to have abandoned his belief in his early paganism. When we contrast the accounts which Stanley gives of his conversations on religious matters with

Mtésa, with the unvarnished but striking narrative of Speke, we cannot forbear the suspicion that the former has allowed his prepossessions and imagination to give, perhaps unconsciously, a color to his facts; and even Stanley himself was forced to admit that when the chances of war placed his enemies in Mtésa's hands, the precepts of Christianity had little influence in restraining him from exercising the natural barbarity of the African conqueror. Yet Mtésa personally was not cruel: his dignity as king of Uganda, and the maintenance of his prestige among his neighbors of the lake country, required such manifestations of his power as would strike terror into the hearts of his enemies and subjects.

All travellers who have made Mtésa's acquaintance agree in assuring us that he was a great ruler, and possessed of personal qualities which raised him far above the level of the ordinary African despot. He had none of the fierce brutality of Theodore, the late *Négus* of Abyssinia; and no one who knew his character would for a moment compare him with such bloated tyrants as Cetewayo, or with the savage kings with whom we have been brought into contact in western Africa. Considering his isolated position he exercised greater power and showed higher administrative qualities than any of these; and all over the wide Nyanza country the tribes feared his name and power quite as much as the name and power of the first Napoleon were feared, eighty years ago, throughout the European States. He was an African Louis XIV. in his observance of all those formalities and minutiae which fence in the person of a king, and keep him clearly separated from the common herd. He upheld his popularity, and the rigorous etiquette of the court of Uganda—accounted a most brilliant one throughout equatorial Africa—with the firmness and decorum which in the early days of his reign so greatly impressed Captain Speke. It was an every-day occurrence that from one to two hundred generals, with little armies of their followers, attended his receptions at the palace in levee costume; and several hundred women, the pick of equatorial African beauty, daily waited at the "drawing-room" parties held by the king. Each and every one present, from the commander-in-chief to the page of ten years old, was dressed with scrupulous neatness on these occasions; and though the alterations in court costume which were carried out

in Mtésa's later years deprived these ceremonials of the primitive dignity which characterized them in the days of Speke and Grant, the innovations appear to have been accepted by the people as great marks of progress and evidences of the increased wisdom and power of the monarch. Explorers are all agreed as to the element of personal dignity which Mtésa threw into the discharge of his duties, which, to those who had as keen a sense of the ludicrous as Captain Speke was possessed of, was sometimes very amusing.

The king's gait in retiring [says Captain Speke] was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realize a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person.

Stanley found him to be "a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking man, clad in a tarbush black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold;" and greater familiarity with Europeans had rendered him less exacting in insisting upon homage from them than he had been with Speke — the first white man whom he had ever seen. His imperiousness, however, with regard to his own power, remained undiminished. A comparison of the accounts given of the kingdom of Uganda by Speke with those of Stanley, lead to the conclusion that the twelve or thirteen years that had intervened between their two visits had been actively employed by Mtésa in consolidating his power and extending his dominion. In addition to his one hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers, the king was able to put upon the Victoria Nyanza a fleet of five hundred war-canoes, capable of floating a force of from sixteen to twenty thousand men. If we roughly multiply these figures by ten, we may estimate the population over which Mtésa had supreme power at a million of souls. His territory extended twenty to fifty miles inland from the lake; and he levied tribute and acknowledgments of supremacy far beyond these limits. So that this king, at whom the world has only been able to obtain infrequent though interesting glances, was no insignificant chieftain, when we reflect that he reigned over so large a proportion of the population of the globe.

The name of Mtésa will be remembered more in connection with the history of African exploration than with reference to his wars and conquests; although, rather by accident than intentionally, he has done more service to the cause of African exploration than any other prince of the interior. He, like his father, had *invited* strangers from the south to enter his country, provided they had sufficient property to barter with; but from the Egyptian side of Uganda the route was closed, and trade there was none, till, after much persuasion from Speke, he opened the way between Zanzibar and Egypt — for Mtésa held the golden key of this line — and we thus have learnt the source and course of the Nile through him and him alone. After he had made the acquaintance of Speke and Grant, he never ceased to render assistance to white travellers — most notably to Baker and Stanley, who have frankly acknowledged his services in their works; and throughout the tribes of his lake country Europeans have never had to invoke the name and influence of Mtésa in vain. Not a single European has been killed in his kingdom before or since 1862, when he first had the acuteness to make friends with the English. He tolerated and befriended missionaries of all sects; he sent an embassy to Queen Victoria; and, above all, he trained his people by rigid discipline to respect his guests, and to obey his government. A remarkable man, whose natural abilities, though of the most primitive and barbaric order, were sufficiently striking and strong enough to attract the regard of nineteenth-century civilization.

We have yet to learn how Mtésa's death befell. Was he murdered? Did he die in battle? We think neither. It is more probable that he died from a malady which has afflicted him for the past ten years — a malady which Mr. Felkin, the physician who attended him a few years ago, has told us he might have cured without danger had the chieftains permitted him to make an operation. Africans are known to submit to amputations and incisions when performed by one of their own race; yet in this case the chiefs did not accept Mr. Felkin's advice, and preferred to allow their king to linger in pain, lose his nerve, and die from a malady which European skill would in all probability have overcome. The chiefs, however, must be absolved from blame: they knew no better, and they loved their king dearly.

With the disappearance of the most interesting of African monarchs, the question arises upon whose shoulders the royal mantle of Uganda is to fall. As to his successor we have no information; and can only hope that the chiefs will show as much discrimination as when they chose Mtésa for their ruler. The future of the interesting country of the African lakes, the prosecution of further exploration, the opening up of central Africa to commerce, the establishment of civilized institutions, and it may be of colonial enterprise, are all largely bound up in the character of the ruler who is to come after King Mtésa.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE LOCUST WAR IN CYPRUS.

FROM our earliest years we have all been familiar with Eastern tales in which the locust figures as the destroying angel; the overwhelming invading army which advances with irresistible might, with a sound "like the noise of chariots on the mountains—like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble." Onward they march in dense columns, ravaging whole provinces, as in the days when the Hebrew prophet described their withering advance. "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, nothing shall escape them."

Again and again they figure in Holy Writ as the recognized symbol of a divinely appointed scourge. Hence, in the book of Revelation, in enumerating the successive woes that are to come upon the earth at the blast of the seven trumpets by the seven angels, the armies of winged warriors who were wafted to earth by the smoke from the bottomless pit are described as locusts, to whom commandment was given that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any trees, but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads.

Except in degree, it was no unique calamity which befell the land of Egypt, when the Lord bade the east wind to blow from Ethiopia, and bring the locusts which went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all its coasts, covering the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened, and the very houses were filled with them, and they did eat every

herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees, so that there remained not any green thing in the trees or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt.

Well did the servants of Pharaoh know the dread meaning of the threatened plague, when they pleaded with the king to spare his land this grievous destruction.

As, in those days of old, the Syrian locusts "ran upon the wall, climbed up upon the houses, and entered in at the windows like a thief," so, in later days, travellers in northern Africa have witnessed locust swarms which they compare to clouds of dense smoke, darkening the sun so that its brightest rays could cast no shadow, and which, alighting on some green crop, have devoured every blade in the field, and, marching onwards, have climbed trees, walls, and houses, seeking what they might devour, and sometimes consuming the very bark of trees and shrubs.

Six hundred years after the exodus this same locust plague is the scourge whereby the Israelites themselves are punished; and God himself speaks of "the locust, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm" as "my great army which I sent among you."

In after ages Mahommed taught the Arabians specially to recognize the divine will in their sufferings from the ravages of these insects. He describes a locust as endowed with speech, and it declares of its species, "We are the army of the great God; we produce ninety-nine eggs; if the hundred were complete we should consume the whole earth and all that is in it." And sorely have these locust hordes fulfilled their mission of destruction in all the coasts of Syria and Arabia.

Nor has Europe been exempt. From time to time the great army of locusts has appeared in one country or another in such appalling force as to render the visitation an historical calamity. Such was the plague of locusts which appeared in Russia in the year 1650, and thence over-spread Poland and Lithuania in multitudes so incalculable that the damage sustained by these countries was beyond reckoning; the surface of the country seemed as if covered with a black cloth; the very trees bent beneath their weight; and when at length the locusts had lived their little span, the earth was in many places covered to the depth of four feet with their corpses. Even in the south of France, rewards are occasionally offered for the collection of locusts' eggs, while the live insects are caught wholesale by sweeping the ground with stout cloths,

and so collecting them in sacks for destruction.

In the middle of last century they made their appearance in Spain, and for four years they ravaged the land. First establishing themselves in the remote and uncultivated districts of Estremadura, they thence overran La Mancha and Portugal, and the fertile provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia.

As they advanced, the rustling of so many millions of wings sounded like the trees of a forest shaken by the wind. They formed a cloud so dense as to darken the sunlight, and moved on steadily, against the wind, in columns which sometimes extended for a couple of leagues. With unerring instinct they sought out every fruitful garden, every green field, sparing nothing — with one exception, namely, the love-apple,\* which they would in no case touch.

All other green things were alike devoured. (In China they are said to spare the millet crops. If they do so, I suspect it can only be when the hardness of the ripe grain defies their attacks.) Garden fruits and herbs, aromatic plants, rosemary, thyme, lavender, mustard-seed, garlic, onions, the caustic crowfoot, the bitter rue and wormwood, deadly nightshade and hemlock — no matter what the plant, it all served as food for the locusts. Even the woollen and linen clothes of the peasants, which were laid out to dry on the ground, seemed dainty morsels to these omnivorous invaders; nor did they spare the Church: for in at least one instance (at Almaden) they devoured the silk garments that adorned the images of the saints, not sparing even the varnish on the altars. Indeed, though naturally vegetarians, locusts are apparently not always averse to animal food, or even to cannibalism; they have often been observed to fight one with another, and the victor has been seen to feast upon the slain.

Happily their foes are many. Frogs, lizards and serpents, owls, eagles, buzzards, bustards, hawks, ravens, desert-larks, wheat-ears, and other carnivorous and insectivorous birds do their best to diminish the locusts, but with small results. In Smyrna and other parts of Asia Minor the russet starling seems possessed with an insatiable desire to kill locusts, not for food, but for sheer sport. It goes on killing till its beak becomes so clogged with locust juice that it has to fly

to the nearest water to wash, and then returns to the fray with renewed vigor.

Another deadly foe is the grub of the bee-fly,\* which feeds on the locusts' eggs; and there is also a parasite which attacks the living insect.

Lady Anne Blunt tells us how in northern Arabia she rode through flocks of ravens and buzzards sitting on the ground gorged with locusts. The camels munched them up with their provender. Her greyhounds ran snapping after them all day long, eating as many as they could catch; and, on examining the stomach of a hyena shot by her husband, it was found to be full of locusts and gazelle. She says the Bedouins often give them to their horses, and at the time of her visit to Arabia many tribes had no food whatever but locusts and camel's milk.

I have heard disgust expressed by some persons at the idea of classing locusts as an article of diet; they even cavil at the simple statement that locusts, with wild honey, formed the staple food of St. John the Baptist when in the wilderness, and deem it necessary to prove that he was supplied with pods of the carob tree, which we happen to call locust bean. The simple fact is, that locusts were not only a recognized article of diet in Syria, but were honored by a special permit in that Levitical law concerning diet, which appears to us so strangely arbitrary in some of its prohibitions.

The same law which rigidly excluded turbot in common with all manner of scaleless fish, and which would on no account tolerate the use of hares, coneys, ham or pork, honors the locust with a special recognition. "Even these ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle (or chargol — *i.e.*, a kind of locust) after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind." † To the present day, in Arabia, in Madagascar, and many parts of northern Africa, they are preserved for food, and are even recognized as a commercial article of export. In some cases they are only sun-dried, in others they are preserved in brine. In Tunisia the Moors fry them in oil or butter, and offer them for sale in the streets. In Medina and Tayf there are regular locust shops, where they are sold by measure. In Syria they are only eaten by the Bedouin Arabs and by very poor people. They are thrown alive into boiling water, with salt, then taken

\* *Solanum Lycopersicum*.

\* *Bombyliidæ*.

† *Lev. ii. 22*.



out, dried in the sun, their heads, wings, and legs are torn off, and they are then packed in sacks for future use.

Lady Anne mentions them as being a regular portion of the day's provision in camp. When first she tasted them, in December, she pronounced them fairly good, but by February she had decided that they were an excellent article of diet, the red locusts being better eating than the green ones. She was uncertain whether the red are the females and the green the males, or whether all were at first green, and became red as they advanced in age. It seems probable, however, that she is describing two distinct varieties, known in Cyprus as the large green vrouchos and the still larger light-brown scarnos. Their flavor is more like that of green wheat than of either fish or flesh, and in the daily rations they were considered in a measure to take the place of vegetables.

After trying various methods of cooking it was voted that they were best when plain boiled; their long legs were then pulled off, and they were held by the wings, dipped into salt, and so eaten with much relish. They are large, handsome insects, very like grasshoppers, but three inches in length, or four inches measuring from the head to the tip of the closed wings.

The best time to catch them is in the morning, when they are half-numbed by the chill of night, and their wings are damp with dew, so that they cannot fly. Then they lie thickly clustered under every bush that can afford them shelter, and can easily be captured and shovelled into baskets. But when the sun has warmed the earth and dried their wings, they are all on the alert, and spring away at the approach of the hunter, who nevertheless can often strike them down with sticks as they fly.

On December 31 Lady Anne records that the previous night had been so cold that all the locusts were dead, and the small birds of the desert were holding high festival.

I myself have seen considerable numbers of locusts winging their flight across the Red Sea, from Arabia towards Egypt. Many fell on the deck of the vessel in which I was sailing. At another time, when crossing the Himalayas, overlooking the valley of the Sutledge, I remarked a tremulous appearance in the atmosphere, as of a mirage. On further investigation, I ascertained that this strange quivering was produced by the glancing

of light on the myriad wings of a great swarm of locusts, which were passing over the valley like a cloud.

But those glimpses of the locust hosts were as nothing compared with the vast flights described by my brother Roualeyn, in the interior of South Africa.\* He was standing in the middle of an immense plain when he first noticed their approach. On they came, like a snowstorm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. He stood looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which he stood became densely covered with them. Far as the eye could reach — east, west, north, south — they stretched in one unbroken cloud, and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by.

Not long afterwards he fell in with another swarm. He was marching through a heavy, sandy country of boundless level plains, covered with rank, yellow grass, varied with detached clumps of thorny mimosas. He came upon a swarm of locusts, which had alighted to rest for the night on the grass and bushes. They lay so thick that they covered the large bushes, just as a swarm of young bees covers the branch on which it pitches. He could easily have collected enough to fill all his large wagons, the piercing cold of night, with white hoarfrost, having rendered them unable to take wing until the sun should restore their powers.

He met a party of natives carrying heavy burdens of them on their backs, and his hungry dogs made a fine feast of those they captured for themselves. Having some difficulty at that time in procuring sufficient food for all his dogs, this locust swarm proved a most valuable addition to the larder. He took a large blanket and spread it under a bush, the branches of which were bent to the ground with the mass of locusts which covered it, and, having shaken the bush, there fell on to the blanket more locusts than he could possibly carry. These he roasted for himself, his servants, and his dogs. He found that they were highly prized by the natives of South Africa, as affording fattening and wholesome food to man, birds, and all sorts of beasts — cows and horses, lions, jackals, hyenas, antelopes, elephants, etc., devour them.

The following morning, soon after sunrise, he looked back, and saw the locusts

\* A Hunter's Life in South Africa. By R. Gordon Cumming.

stretching to the west in vast clouds resembling smoke; but soon afterwards the wind, veering round, brought them back towards him, and they flew over his head, actually darkening the sun for a considerable period.

Equally wonderful is the account of a locust invasion of Syria, as related by Dr. William Thomson. He tells how, in the early spring, a flying squadron — the pioneers of the vast army — passed over the land, leaving it thickly sown with their eggs, lying in little masses, cemented together, scattered all over fields, plain, and desert ground. This done, these harbingers of woe vanished; but within a couple of months the very dust seemed to awaken to life and to creep. Soon these infinitesimal moving atoms developed into minute grasshoppers, who began their destructive existence, all moving forward in one general direction, a creeping, jumping mass of living particles.

Dr. Thomson describes his first glimpse of this phenomenon. He was riding near Fūliyah, when it struck him that the side of a hill had a peculiar appearance. Riding up to it, to his amazement, the whole surface became agitated, and began to roll downwards. His horse was so frightened that he had to dismount. Then he perceived that this animated dust was composed of myriads of minute locusts, so young that they could not even jump; but in their infantile alarm they rolled over and over, producing an effect like the movement of fluid mortar.

On another occasion he rode through a district where the work of extirpation was going on. It was near the Plain of Acre, and a swarm of locusts had overrun the whole region. The governor of Kabûl had summoned every man, woman, and child in the neighborhood to lend their aid in the common cause. The foe had not yet grown their wings and, being unable to fly, were compelled to run in whatever direction they were driven. So the people formed a vast circle, beating the bushes, and shouting, in order to frighten the insect host and drive them towards an isolated hill covered with dry grass. Soon the hill became black with the countless myriads which thronged it. Then the grass was set on fire in different places, and the flames, fanned by a strong breeze, soon spread over the whole hill, filling the air with an overpowering smell of roast locust. The same operation was performed at many different points in the neighborhood with very excellent results.

Some years later Dr. Thomson made a

still more intimate acquaintance with these gentle destroyers. He was living at 'Abeih, on Mount Lebanon, when an alarm was raised that incalculable swarms of young locusts were marching up the valley towards the village. The inhabitants turned out to endeavor, if possible, to turn aside their line of march. This they soon found to be altogether futile. The whole face of the mountain was black with the closely serried ranks, which advanced steadily like a well-disciplined army. They were at the wingless stage, and of the size of average grasshoppers. Nothing checked their steady onward progress. Trenches were dug, fires were kindled, thousands were slain.

Still fresh hordes pressed on in bewildering multitudes. Right up the mountain they advanced, scaling rocks and walls, hedges and ditches, the corpses of the slain only serving as bridges to facilitate the progress of the new-comers.

Even when the foremost ranks reached the palace of the emir they did not turn aside to avoid its walls, but climbed straight up and went over the other side. Thus they scaled every house in the town, always going straight ahead, regardless of all obstacles. If it be true, as the saying goes, that "straightforward makes the best runner" in life, we might, perchance, find worse examples than the locusts.

Hoping at least to be able to protect his own little garden, Dr. Thomson hired a number of laborers to keep up fires, and to remain on watch, beating the locusts off the walls with branches of trees. For some hours this struggle was kept up; but as the irresistible army continued to advance in ever-increasing multitude, they gave up the effort in despair, and surrendered to the conquerors.

For four days did this gigantic "march past" continue, till at length a diminution in their numbers was apparent, and at last there remained only a few stragglers. But alas! for the change in the aspect of the land, which before their approach had been as a pleasant garden, but was now scorched as though the breath of a furnace had passed over it. Large vineyards which had been loaded with young grapes, orchards of olive, fig, and mulberry trees, all promising an abundant harvest, were left clean bare — not a cluster of fruit, not a green leaf remaining, only melancholy naked branches. Vegetable gardens that had been green as a meadow were left bare as a dusty road, whole fields of tall corn were stripped of every leaf, and only naked stalks remained to mock the unhappy hus-

bandman. Not a blade of grass had escaped to reward the most careful search; the pastures had disappeared, and the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were left absolutely without food.

The rustling noise made by these busy multitudes, when marching and foraging, is compared to the sound of a heavy rainfall in a forest, when myriad raindrops are pattering on the green leaves, or, to use the image of the prophet Joel, it is like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble.

Our interest in the destructive powers of this insect foe becomes more keenly awakened when we hear of their recent ravages in a British colony; and from the official reports of the high commissioner of Cyprus (Sir Robert Biddulph) are enabled to form some idea of the magnitude of the task he has undertaken in endeavoring to exterminate these destructive insects.

This is by no means the first time that such a crusade has been attempted in Cyprus. In the year 1867, the Turkish authorities decided that the voracious locusts must be stamped out, once and forever, and enacted most stringent measures to that effect, commanding that every man in the island who was subject to taxation should collect one kilo (*i.e.*, a large measure upwards of sixteen pounds weight) of locusts' eggs. Saïd Pasha, who was at that time governor of Cyprus, and a most energetic ruler, was determined to enforce these regulations to the uttermost.

He accordingly made a tour of the island from village to village, taking in his company the archbishop, bishops, and all the leading inhabitants, to add weight to his presence. Lest the people should grow weary in their search and fail in the work of total extermination, he threatened them that should they fail to collect the full weight required, he would turn out all the locust eggs again, and let them hatch; and, to prove himself in earnest, he kept all that were brought to him safely stored in locked magazines, and none were destroyed until this strange tax had been paid in full.

So excellent was the result, that in January, 1870, the imperial government at Constantinople issued a circular, announcing that, owing to the success of the measures adopted, the locusts in the island had been completely destroyed. The said measures are then related in detail, with an intimation that should locusts appear in any part of the empire

the inhabitants are at once to apply to Constantinople for the services of officials skilled in setting up locust-traps, and arranging the whole process of destruction.

The particulars given in this vizierial circular are extremely interesting. First, as regards the eggs. Such is the instinct of the mother locust, that in no case has she been known to deposit her eggs in cultivated ground. A million locusts may alight on a field, but not one egg will there be laid. But should there be a barren spot, where the rocky soil has defied the plough, there each mother will deposit her ninety-nine eggs, piercing the hard soil to secure for them a safe nest underground. The more barren and lonely the situation, the better is it suited to her purpose, and the less fear is there of her family treasures being disturbed.

Cyprus unfortunately offers wide expanses of uncultivated land, admirably adapted for locust breeding-grounds. A belt of bare, low foot-hills, thirty-seven miles in length by about four in width, stretches along the base of the northern range of mountains, forming a rocky, barren desert, peculiarly suited to the locust nurseries. It is said that the eggs will not hatch at above a given altitude, consequently the breeding-grounds are confined to a comparatively low level.

It seems that in most lands the locust pays periodical visits, flying in swarms from one country to another. The Cyprian locust is, however, indigenous to the isle. No evil wind brings him from Asia Minor or from the Syrian deserts; no blessed breeze wafts him from the shore to a watery grave in the Mediterranean. He is born and bred on the island, where he provides an abundant generation for the coming year, and dies, leaving his dust to fertilize his native soil.

The eggs are deposited in the months of May and June, and remain safely buried till the month of February; or, should the season be cold, they are not hatched till March, when the earth grows warmer.

In the month of July the task of collecting the eggs was commenced in obedience to the imperial edict. Each man was required to produce his kilo of locusts' eggs, which were duly weighed in presence of the members of the Council, and then deposited in a great pit, which was filled with earth and heavily trodden down to ensure the destruction of all this embryo life.

But as from the very nature of the ground it was impossible to find all the eggs, and a vast multitude were hatched

notwithstanding all precautions, it was decreed that every twentieth man on the island should be appointed locust-destroyer for the other nineteen, who were bound to support him during his term of work. Thus a body of eighteen hundred workmen was raised, and sent to every district in which locusts appeared, under the orders of special officers and of the Cypriote chiefs, both Ottoman and Christian.

They were provided with special tools for the destruction of locusts — axes, shovels, pieces of coarse woollen cloth fifty yard in length and a yard wide, bound at the upper edge with a strong strip of oil-cloth six inches in width; also strings, poles, and planks of wood edged with smooth zinc. Wherever the presence of locusts was detected, the locality was to be surrounded by these strips of cloth, which were tied to wooden poles, erected about one yard apart, so as to form a cloth wall, the base of which should be buried six inches in the earth. Near these cloth walls long pits were to be dug, along the rim of which were laid the planks with the edging of smooth zinc, so that the locusts which hopped into the pits should be unable to crawl up again. The band of oil-cloth upon the top of the screens served the same purpose. In case any should be so energetic as to hop over the screens, a second row of pitfalls was to be prepared on the other side.

Meanwhile the workmen in attendance were to watch patiently, ever on the alert to beat the shrubs and bushes with branches of palm-trees, as for the first ten or twelve days after they are hatched the locusts cannot hop. Even when their wings are developed, they are unable to fly at night, their gauze-like texture being unable to support the weight of dew. It is therefore possible, before the sun rises, for men with bags and baskets to collect great quantities, which can either be burnt or buried in pits.

To ensure this work being faithfully performed, an officer was appointed over every ten workmen, and "a trustworthy man" for every fifty. In each locality where locusts were found a superintendent was appointed, and an inspector over every four or five superintendents. A truly Oriental system of supervision, and doubtless most necessary, as although all the people complain bitterly of the ravages of the locusts, none like the trouble of killing them, even on their own land, from a selfish conviction that such labor

only benefits the public, and that fresh hordes of locusts will speedily come from other estates to replace those killed, and so they are wasting their individual labor for the general weal — a truly patriotic spirit!

The measures thus stringently carried out by Said Pacha resulted in the apparent extermination of the evil. Certainly, when a strong-headed Oriental does determine to carry out a measure dependent on the labor of his subjects, his total disregard of their individual will or rights does give him an immense advantage.

While English officials have, since the annexation of Cyprus, been cudgelling their brains how best to conquer this resuscitated and hydra-headed plague without unduly burdening the unhappy Cypriotes, the official journal of the province of Broussa contains the following curt announcement from headquarters at Constantinople: "If the governor of Koutahiyah does not completely destroy all the locusts' eggs in the Caza of Ouchak within a week, and report the fact to the government in conformity to orders, he will be dismissed from office." Just imagine the pressure that must have been put on all the inhabitants of the district to ensure the extermination thus imperatively required!

And all this time, Sir Robert Biddulph and the home authorities have been striving to solve the problem of how to subdue the pest without oppressing any man.

That strong and immediate measures were necessary was evident, for the few survivors of Said Pacha's raid increased and multiplied in so frightful a ratio that by the summer of 1880 their vast swarms threatened calamity to the island. Wheat, barley and oats, maize and millet, fruit-trees and vegetables of every description, were alike subject to their ravages. In a few hours after they settled on a field or garden they had stripped it of every green thing, leaving only bare, brown stalks rising from the earth, scathed as though fire had passed over the land.

Accordingly, in the month of July, the British high commissioner resolved to put in force a considerably modified form of the existing Ottoman regulations with regard to the destruction of the foe. Whereas these required that every male between the ages of eighteen and sixty should contribute his quota of about sixteen oaks of locust eggs, the quantity now required was only eight oaks per head, to be furnished by January 1, 1881, a dis-

count of one oke\* being allowed to such persons as brought in their quota before November 1. It was further intimated that the government would hire the labor requisite for working the locust-traps, instead of as heretofore requiring the compulsory work of every twentieth man.

It was stipulated that the eggs must be delivered quite free from any admixture of earth, and should be brought to the commissioners either at Famagusta, Larnaca, or Nicosia, where they should be weighed and destroyed.

Some hesitation seems to have at first been felt as to whether the liberty of the Cypriote in his new character of British subject would not be more fully recognized by allowing the people to collect the locusts' eggs of their own accord, on the assurance that the government would purchase all eggs brought in for sale. It was, however, decided that the necessity of producing a compulsory fixed quantity would compel a more thorough search, and the man who failed to collect his full weight must buy from the surplus of his more diligent neighbors. He who failed so to do was declared subject to a pecuniary penalty.

As the only persons exempted from this tax were the police, the military, and the households of foreign consuls, and as multitudes of men had no inclination to go out egg-hunting in person, a brisk trade was carried on in this commodity, which fetched about a shilling per oke, rising in value towards the close of the season, when seven okes sold for ten shillings.

The advantage of the compulsory collection was very evident, for whereas in the autumn of 1879, when the people had been invited to bring in eggs for sale, only twenty-nine thousand, nine hundred and thirty-three okes were collected, the tax in the following autumn amounted to *one hundred and eighty nine thousand okes*; in other words, TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX TONS!! It seems difficult to realize the possibility of collecting insects' eggs in such vast quantities.

It seems a pity, too, to think that such a mass of material could not be made use of in some manner. It has been suggested that if, instead of burying the eggs in great pits, they had been killed with boiling water, they might then be turned to account in the manufacture of an excellent bait for shore fishing, and so an

important fishing industry might be developed. In the same way, the locusts which are captured are generally burnt in great quantities, whereas on the Bay of Biscay and the shores of Algeria their bodies are pounded into a paste, which is highly prized by the sardine fishers, and it is thought that it might prove equally useful to the fishers of Cyprus. Indeed, if locusts are themselves good for human food, there appears to be no reason why their eggs should not be also utilized.

Admirable as was the result obtained by this vast destruction of eggs, the collecting question was one by no means devoid of difficulty. One danger which presented itself was that of establishing a trade in locusts' eggs, which might induce the egg-hunters wilfully to preserve a sufficient number to keep up the supply for the following season. Another difficulty was so to regulate the price at which the eggs should sell as to induce people really to search for them in the island, but to prevent its reaching such a figure as should tempt speculators to import the eggs from the mainland.

Then, again, arose the British love of fair play, and it seemed unfair that the poorest laboring man who had nothing at stake, should be required to furnish the same quota as the large landowner who might suffer damage to the value of hundreds of pounds from the ravages of the locusts in a single day. It was, therefore, proposed that in the following year the personal tax should be reduced to one oke per man, and that the landowners should be required to pay an additional tax in proportion to their acreage (one oke of eggs for every fifteen donums).

Notwithstanding the enormous destruction of locusts' eggs in the closing months of 1880, the mildness of the winter seems to have favored the hatching of the survivors, and in the early spring of 1881 the foe were once more marshalled in mighty force. Happily, an unusual abundance of wild grass tended to mitigate their onslaught on the green crops, and the harvest was so unusually rich that the locust ravages were less severely felt than usual. Nevertheless, the necessity for vigorous measures was evident, and the locust war was waged with greater determination than ever.

Although a very much smaller price than heretofore was now offered for locusts' eggs, beginning at one piastre per oke (about a halfpenny per pound), and, as the season advanced, rising to three times that value, the amount collected between

\* In official reports I find the equivalent of oke variously stated at from one to three pounds.



July, 1881, and February, 1882, was five times as great as the total for the two previous years. If the collection of two hundred and thirty-six tons had seemed startling, what shall we say to so amazing an accumulation as 1,063,555 oke, or in plain English, *one thousand three hundred and twenty-nine and a half tons*, which was the weight of locusts' eggs destroyed in Cyprus in the spring of 1882!!

This destruction of the yet unhatched foe was but a small portion of the task that had to be accomplished. It was necessary to organize a scheme for the extermination of the hungry hordes of living locusts, which began to appear in vast numbers, and were not only a present danger, but would inevitably be the progenitors of an ever-increasing multitude.

Preparations for their destruction were therefore made on a very large scale. Upwards of eight thousand locust-traps were manufactured, and fifty-five hundred cloth screens edged with strong oil-cloth like those devised by Saïd Pasha, each fifty yards in length. These, with tools and materials (amounting to five hundred tons' weight) cost of transport, and payment of laborers, together with the sum (12,000*l.*) paid for locusts, involved a total expenditure of 32,000*l.* for the year ending June, 1882, a heavy item of outlay for an island with so small a revenue, but one which would assuredly be recouped within a twelvemonth, could it but lead to the total extermination of the foe.

To carry out the campaign, the island was divided into ten locust districts, in which fifteen hundred workmen were distributed, under direction of fifty-two *memours*, i.e., overseers, who were responsible to the *nazirs* or district superintendents, and these in their turn to the head superintendents of the eastern and western divisions. As the laborers were required to keep watch day and night wherever operations were being carried on, it was necessary to provide tents for their shelter, and to form camps and organize a regular commissariat.

The first duty of the overseers was to go over the district allotted to them in search of those places where newly hatched locusts were numerous, and to have these enclosed by cloth screens, or, if the extent and nature of the ground rendered this impossible, then to set up the screens in the direction in which the foe might be expected to march.

Mr. Arthur Young, the commissioner of the Famagusta district, reports that the locusts in the eastern division of Cyprus

chiefly directed their course towards the points east to south. He took by compass the direction in which fifty-two armies were marching, and found that two were steering north, five north-east, twelve east, ten south-east, thirteen south, four south-west, five west, and one north-west. As a matter of preference, they seemed to select small ravines or roads.

When two armies marching in opposite directions met, the smaller force turned and joined the larger.

Nothing seemed to stop these columns; they kept on their course through villages and over walls, and even streams did not check them; indeed the streams only increased the labors of the workmen, for, having been filled by the rains they sometimes carried whole regiments of locusts into districts which had been already cleared of their brethren. The advancing column on reaching such a stream would endeavor to cross it, and although large numbers were invariably drowned, a multitude would keep afloat till they had been carried down stream for a mile or more, reaching some place where they could land in safety.

The rate of progress of the locust army is found to vary with their age. When full-grown they march about two miles a day.

Notwithstanding the enormous destruction of eggs since the last season, the number of locusts in the spring of 1882 proved to be very much greater than in the previous year. According to some reports they were ten times as numerous.

The hatching commenced in the beginning of March, but as it was found impossible to effect an infant massacre, about a fortnight was devoted to discovering the nurseries and commencing siege operations. The actual work of destruction began on March 21, and was continued till May 7. It was, however, greatly hindered by the rains in the first half of April, as the locusts object to march in cloudy or cold weather, so they lie still, and obstinately refuse to approach the pitfalls so invitingly prepared for them. So the laborers watched in vain, and the canvas screens were considerably injured by exposure to weather.

But if the locusts remained at rest on rainy days, they must have marched to their doom with double zest on those which intervened, for out of 32,220 pits which were filled in the district of Famagusta, 4,280 were the tale for the last ten days of March, 11,188 for the first half of

April, 14,741 for the latter half, and 2,011 for May. Each pit contained one cubic yard of struggling insects of about 300 okes weight. *The total weight of locusts thus destroyed in one district was above TWELVE THOUSAND TONS!*

I happened to mention this fact to a celebrated pig breeder in Yorkshire, and the idea of so much good food being wasted distressed him greatly. He only wished he could have got the whole lot boiled down to fatten his pigs! It does seem strange that if dogs, hyenas, camels, and horses eat the locusts of northern Arabia with such avidity, no use could be found for these on the island. Doubtless all varieties are not equally good for food, but as four different branches of the great clan locust are mentioned among the slain, we may safely assume that the edible locust is included in the list.

The four sorts specified are, first, the common locust, *akriha*, which when newly hatched is white, but almost immediately turns black, but in later life assumes a light brown hue. It is hatched about March 10, lays its eggs about May 15, and dies about the end of June.

Secondly, the *tehakros acraeda*, a very small reddish locust, very injurious to the cotton crop. It is hatched in the beginning of April, lays its eggs in July, and dies in the beginning of August.

Thirdly, the *vrouchos*, a large green locust, very injurious to trees and cotton. It hatches in April, lays and dies in July.

Fourthly, the *scarnos*, a very large light brown locust, which does comparatively little damage to trees. Born in April, it lays in July and perishes early in August.

The three kinds last enumerated lay their eggs on damp ground, and are more wary in avoiding traps than the common locusts, which march onward steadily and blindly, tumbling over one another, and pressing on so fast that those which first fall into the trap are smothered by the multitude falling above them. Mr. Young timed the filling of the pits, and found that when the locusts were on quick march, the pits were filled to the brim in about an hour and a half. Late one afternoon he saw the head of a column about four hundred yards distant from a line of screens, where, at one point, ten pits had been dug, joining one another. Next morning at 10 A. M. he visited these traps, and found them about two-thirds full. In one place a dry well, twenty-five feet in depth, was entirely filled with a densely packed mass of struggling insect life. Doubtless in locust history this well at

Aya Serghi figures as dismally as that of Cawnpore in the records of India.

From the western division of Cyprus, Mr. Inglis, commissioner of Nicosia, reports that he had never in previous years seen such vast swarms of locusts, and the alarm of the farmers was consequently very great. Owing to deficiency of labor, a large number of locusts were unfortunately suffered to escape, probably upwards of ten per cent. of the whole.

Nevertheless the destruction was very great, and whole districts were cleared. It continued from March 15 till May 5, about which time the locusts commenced to fly, and to traverse the country seeking food, and a suitable place to lay their eggs.

To quote from Mr. Inglis: "Towards the end of the destruction, when the locusts concentrated, labor was difficult to obtain, and I saw a line of screens, some three or four miles long, which had stopped the progress of a vast column of locusts, but the labor obtainable at the moment was insufficient to open and fill in the pits fast enough, and the locusts were making for the flanks.

"To give some idea of the vast number concentrated here, and which, as they were travelling so fast, might have been totally destroyed in a very short time, had there been sufficient labor on the spot, — the nazirs had pits or trenches from twenty-five to thirty feet long, dug at right angles to the screens. These pits were about four feet deep, and from three to four and a half feet wide, and were lined with canvas screens with the oil-cloth so adjusted as to prevent the locusts from getting out. The locusts were advancing so quickly, compactly, and closely, that the noise of their fall into the chasm was like the sound of rushing water.

"These pits were filled in, and others dug, but not fast enough. Had there been sufficient labor, every locust would in a short time have been destroyed. In this case the overseer worked men by night, and I sent out a party of police to assist.

"The peasants were, as I have already found them, very apathetic, and in but few instances would they come out even to assist in the protection of their own crops."

Such apathy as this speaks volumes in favor of the plenary powers possessed by Saïd Pasha, when he compelled the whole population without exception to turn out and assist in work for the general weal.

Last year the Archbishop of Cyprus, who doubtless was well acquainted with

this characteristic of his flock, urged Sir Robert Biddulph to compel all the people to help in the labor of destruction, but the representative of free Britons deemed that such a measure, though it might not be contrary to public opinion in Cyprus, would fail to receive sanction in England, and that considering the scarcity of labor and the abundance of the promised harvest, it would be unfair to interfere with the agricultural population.

But this inertness in regard to any effort to cope with locusts has often been observed in other countries. In Spain, for instance, when they were ravaging the land in the last century, the peasants could not be roused to any effort for their destruction, but quietly watched them devouring their gardens and their crops. The magnitude of the evil seemed to paralyze effort.

The reports from Nicosia omit to state the weight of locusts there destroyed, so we fail to learn whether it equalled or exceeded the twelve thousand tons of Famagusta. We may safely assume that it could not have been less than two-thirds of the yield of the eastern province, and at this estimate the total of the year's produce must certainly have reached twenty thousand tons. No wonder that my pig-feeding friend should so sorely regret the burial of so much good animal food!

The superintendents and commissioners agreed in recommending that in this spring of 1883 no effort whatever should be made for the destruction of locusts' eggs, as it was evidently quite useless to expect to find them all. Even on average ground, and under government supervision, it seems impossible to discover all these hidden treasures, and it is rare that more than seventy per cent. are collected. The subsequent endeavor to capture the locusts hatched from the remaining thirty per cent. involves just as much trouble and expense as if the full number had been developed.

Moreover the destruction of the locusts' eggs necessarily involves that of the larvæ of the Bombylidæ or bee-fly, which is a most valuable ally, as it devours the locusts' eggs, and five per cent. of those collected in Cyprus in the autumn of 1881 were found to be thus affected, and would consequently have perished without any human intervention.

So, in the present year, all efforts are reserved for the wholesale destruction of the locust legions when they are in full marching order. To this end a very large

addition has been made to the number of screens and traps, the latter being edged with well-greased oil-cloth, which answers the same purpose as well-greased zinc in preventing the locusts from passing over it, and is much lighter to carry. With this increase of screens, and a large increase of workmen and of mounted overseers, it is hoped that this season the greater part of the locusts may have been destroyed ere they could lay their eggs.

"All," says Mr. Inglis, "depends upon the traps and screens being placed quickly and with judgment. As fast as the pits are filled, fresh ones should be ready, and as soon as the great mass of the column has been destroyed, or has passed round the flanks, the line should be lifted and put down somewhere else, where most required, and to do this requires not only intelligence on the part of the overseers, but also sufficient labor."

There was every reason to expect that the work this year would prove quite as heavy as it has been hitherto, more so, indeed, as the locusts' eggs were scattered over a much wider area, and in the Famagusta district, sixty per cent. of the whole were laid in Larnaca, mostly on hilly ground, where it is difficult to manœuvre the screens. The preliminary outlay has, however, been less than in former years, as so large a quantity of screens and traps had already been provided, and the expenditure for egg-purchase, which in 1881 amounted to 12,262*l.*, has also been saved.

Now that the warfare is properly organized, there is good reason to believe that ultimate victory is assured. From the fact of the locust being indigenous, and not a visitor from the mainland, there seems room to hope that it may be altogether eradicated, and this task will become easier if the population increases and cultivation extends. At present the sparseness of the population and the large tracts of uncultivated land are all in favor of the locust increase. The waste lands which now form its favorite breeding-grounds are capable of yielding wine and olives, cotton and corn, in lieu of locusts' eggs, and the insect, which will only deposit its eggs on hard, undisturbed ground, would find an ever-narrowing area suited to its purpose.

Meanwhile the locust war of March, April, and May, 1883, has been diligently carried on, and we may trust that its close will find the farmers of Cyprus rejoicing over something approaching to the extermination of their greedy foe.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## TWO TURKISH ISLANDS TO-DAY.

### I.

#### CHIOS.

CHIOS suffered, as we all know, from an overwhelming earthquake just two years ago; for a short time the island was a nine days' wonder, and relief poured in from all quarters of Europe. Since then she has been forgotten; Europe has had earthquakes and other excitements nearer home, and the ruin of Chios is now only a vague memory. Unfortunately for the island it forms an insignificant portion of the Turkish dominions, consequently its disasters are twofold—the one overwhelming at the time, the other permanent and galling in the extreme. During a tour I took in the island it seemed to me that no other portion of the Turkish dominions that I had visited offered such a lamentable example of misrule and oppression, and there is no one to raise a protest. For what is Chios but a small island in the *Ægean* Sea? Nobody visits the interior now the villages are in ruins; all the rich that could have left here. The printing-press has been peremptorily stopped, so who can hear the groans of those who suffer and are robbed?

We will dismiss the chief town, or Chora (*Χώρα*) as it is called, in a few words, for though in ruins the people here are comparatively prosperous. Even if they do live in wooden huts instead of three-storied houses with marble staircases, in a country subject to earthquakes they are safer where they are. Their climate is delicious, and the perfume of orange and lemon groves makes you forget that there are still buried in the ruins the bones of the victims of the earthquake. The people of the Chora are timid about returning to their houses for more reasons than one; they affirm that the ghosts of the unburied still haunt the ruins, and a Greek of to-day, just as a Greek of old, objects to return to the ruined site of some great disaster. Again, the great dread of the earthquake has not left them yet; "It may return or not," they say, "who knows?" It is only a venturesome minority which tries to make the most of the ruins and live as they lived before.

Furthermore there are a few wealthy merchants still in the Chora—M. Choremis, for example, who has headed a subscription for the erection of new schools, and who is making a new road through the ruins; M. Polimedes and others, who are

doing what they can to help their fellow-countrymen. And then the pasha lives here, and it is to the interest of the Turks to put on a good appearance in the Chora, as by this means they can hide the hideous state of the rest of the island. If a foreigner comes at all, for business or pleasure, he only stops at the Chora, and there he may lament the ruins, but he sees no abject poverty. But then the Chora contains not quite ten thousand Christians, and under five thousand Turks; whereas the island has fifty thousand Christians altogether, and but few Turks except soldiers out of the Chora.

Mule-riding for a week is the only way to see the interior of Chios; of carriages there are none. The southern road from the Chora leads through the plain, or Kampos as it is called, once dotted over with charming villas, but now all these are ruins. Here, before the earthquake, rich Greek merchants lived, who had made their money abroad, and who had retired to their native Chios as to a sort of earthly paradise. The names of Ralli, Scaramanga, Mavrocordato, are all connected with this fertile plain of Chios, forming, as they did, an aristocracy of wealth, for before the war of 1821 the Turks treated Chios with unusual clemency.

Wherever the eye can reach stretch orange and lemon groves. Old towers—remnants of piratical days—had been utilized to form the nucleus of pleasant villas, but these are now for the most part entirely ruined or tottering. Walls are standing, perhaps with fireplaces in them and shreds of paper hanging from them—tokens of a home life but recently destroyed. Strangely enough, the church steeples alone seem to have stood the shock, holding their own whilst all around is ruined, and some of these are slightly out of the perpendicular, unpleasantly suggestive of insecurity.

Our first halt, for lunch, was at the convent of Agios Minas, built on a gentle eminence overlooking the plain, the sea, and the adjacent coast of Asia. This, till the disaster, was a flourishing spot, with a church within its precincts, which dated from the early centuries of the Christian era; but it is now almost entirely destroyed, and the mosaics which adorned the interior exist no more. The Rev. Gregorius Semariotes, the superior, fed us with eggs, figs, and bread, beneath an olive-tree, for there was no place left for the accommodation of strangers save a wooden hut where the three monks slept; and it was from his lips that we first heard

the story of oppression and tyranny which we were to verify as we went on. Of all the buildings which composed this convent one only is in fair preservation, and this is a square mortuary chapel, filled with the bones of four thousand Greeks who were slaughtered here in 1821. Father Gregory told us the story as he showed us the bones—how fourteen thousand Greeks, from all parts of Chios, took refuge here from that terrible slaughter in the war of independence which first ruined Chios; how the whole Turkish army laid siege to the place, killed four thousand and took the rest as slaves or prisoners; and here the bones of the dead are still—skulls cut in two by swords, arms, legs, etc., heaped one on the other in cupboards around the wall. It is a pity that the earthquake, whilst destroying the rest, did not bury forever these perpetual reminders of Turkish barbarity.

It is undoubtedly to the priesthood that we owe the existence of a Greek identity. By means of pilgrimages, miracles, martyrdoms, and saints, they have kept together through centuries of slavery the individuality of the nation.

After leaving Agios Minas, we soon entered the so-called *mastic villages*, once the most prosperous district of the island, and now the scene of the wildest devastation. The mule-track through these villages winds its way over the tops of houses; now you ride past the fireplace in a second story, and then down you go to the level of a street. From many of these mounds the dead have never been extricated. One spot was pointed out to us as the tumulus of twenty-eight men there assembled in a café, when the earthquake came on them and killed them all. Money, time, and energy are all wanting even now to dig amongst the ruins. Generations to come will find in Chios Pompeii without end.

The story of one mastic village is the story of another—abject poverty. Here everything was ruined, for the earthquake came on Sunday, so that the people, with their mules and implements of husbandry, were all at home. In the face of this terrible disaster and the generous contributions from Europe, the Turkish government could do nothing but promise to remit taxation—for five years, they said, or until such time as the people had recovered from the effects. This sounded well enough in the ears of Europe, and everybody was satisfied. The Turks were poor, they could do no more.

A year goes by and the case is only altered, inasmuch as Europe has forgotten Chios. Money had been distributed amongst the sufferers—surely that was enough! But the inhabitants had not recovered, for the whole of that year shocks recurred again and again; they were still paralyzed by their great disaster, and dreaded another. Turkey now sees her opportunity; double taxation is demanded to make up for the year of exemption, and this double is established as the rate of taxation for the future.

Could anything be more atrocious, saving perhaps their way of exacting it? The inhabitants of the village of Kalamotti form a committee to discuss whether resistance is possible; it is decided that nothing could be done, for the Sciote is not by nature brave like the Samiote, he is mercantile, shrewd, but timid. Money is therefore borrowed at an exorbitant rate of interest, their mastic crops and implements are mortgaged, abject starvation is the result. At each village we passed through we were shown women starving in their hovels, without a crust to give their hungry children. At Olympi, another mastic village, Turkish soldiers met the laborers in the fields, and in default of payment of the desired taxation, seized their mules, their goats, and their tools. On the slightest demur the delinquent was thrown into prison. And now the Turks are raising forts and placing garrisons all over the island to enforce payment.

It may be said that throughout the length and breadth of Turkey the inhabitants are ground down to the uttermost farthing, but in Chios there is a difference. On the other Turkish islands and on the mainland I found all complain more or less, but there life is possible; Chios has suffered recently from such a terrible disaster, that if she is not treated with greater lenience life will be impossible there. Suppose, for example, instead of sending succor to India after the famine, we had demanded double taxation, we should have done precisely what the Turks are now doing in Chios. But Chios, unfortunately for herself, is not India—only a small, unnoticed island in the *Ægean Sea*.

Some statistics I gathered from the books of the demarch of Kalamossia may serve to show the estimated extent of the disaster. After the earthquake there were twelve hundred inhabitants left surviving, five hundred of whom were children; five hundred and fourteen were destroyed.



The assistance received from all sources was entered in a book, each page of which was stamped with the official stamp; each sack of potatoes, each sack of flour, each plank of wood was valued and entered at a very reasonable valuation, as far as I could judge, and the total item of assistance came to 742*l.*, or at the rate of 12*s.* 4*d.* per head. This, of course, was little compared to the losses, but still it was enough to stave off starvation for a time. Other villages further from the capital were not so lucky, for the distribution was uneven. Everything came first of necessity to the capital, and the people of the Chora knew how to take care of themselves. Further on we found that in villages where the destruction had been the same, the survivors had not received more than 3*s.* 6*d.* per head.

On another page was put down and likewise stamped with the government seal an estimate of the loss, and its total came to 82,000*l.*, which can be no exaggeration, as the items included churches, schools, public buildings, and three hundred and fifty houses. To-day we see the five hundred children of Kalamossia running about in rags like spectres amongst the ruins, without a schoolhouse, or a schoolmaster, or any chance of such a luxury, because their parents have to pay double the amount of taxes they had to do before their ruin.

Excessively quaint was the picture of the next village, Kalamotti, as we rode in towards sunset. Some twenty or thirty women were assembled round the well with ruins all around them. Each was dressed in the costume peculiar to this corner of the island. On their heads they wore a white, twisted headdress, the *κουλούρι*, the serpent-like ring, symbolical of eternity, with its long white streamer down their back; there is a sort of peak inside the rings to raise it somewhat. Their blue jackets, the *σαμάριον*, with needle-work down the back and frills round the edge, fit tightly to their body. One white petticoat beneath this, is all — no shoes, no stockings, and a pitcher in either hand. The features of the Greeks in these villages are highly marked, and differ from any I had seen elsewhere; dark, almond-shaped eyes, pencilled eyebrows, round face, prominent nose, and sallow complexion being the distinguishing feature, hair hanging like whiskers on each side of the face. Their language, too, is more primitive, with many Ionic peculiarities; they pronounce the omega distinctly, saying *ἄνθρωπος*, not as the mod-

ern Greeks do, according to accent, and ignoring the long *o*, but with a sort of musical cadence in it, placing an accent on both the first syllables. Their double letters, too, are prominent, each *μ* in *γρίμμα* being distinctly sounded.

It was very difficult to obtain a lodging in this ruined village. We sat for a long time in a wooden hut, thinking that this would be our abode for the night; but at length a room, with yawning cracks in the ceiling, was prepared for us, and here we sat to receive the demarch, as a deputy of the village, to tell their past and present misfortunes. He sat on a sack of mastic as he talked, and the whole room smelt of mastic, for it is the chief industry of the place. In August they tap the trees for the sap, and it is much prized as a luxury in the East. You masticate little lumps of this gum mastic, which resembles varnish in its flavor, and candle-grease when reduced to a proper pulp. Even this industry, which the earthquake could not destroy, is not as it used to be. The capital is poor, the whole of Turkey is poor, and mastic is but a luxury, which can be done without.

In the same way the villages which the earthquake did not touch have suffered too, for they have not now a sufficient market for their goods; and they tell me that even in the north of the island, where the shock was comparatively slight, the greatest poverty prevails.

Olympi was the first village we reached where the damage had been but slight; here, however, there was but little improvement in prosperity. It is a purely agricultural village, and had supplied its neighbors with food; the neighbors have now no money with which to buy food. So Olympi, with no means of sending its productions further afield, is suffering much. But still they have their homes left to them. It is a funny little village from a distance, like one large house or fort. In the centre is an old Genoese fortress, and around are tightly packed the narrow streets; around the whole is a wall. You can visit any house you like in Olympi by climbing on the roofs, which mode of progression is preferable to threading your way through the dirty, arched-over streets.

Our host was a genial man; he took us to visit all points of interest, and told us how he had an aunt who was a Turkish slave, being captured as a young girl in the war of 1822. At that same time the Turks had used the Church of St. Michael at Olympi as a stable, and pierced

the picture of the saint with their bayonets.

Of course these remembrances of a past are still keen in Chios, and don't help them to endure the present with any greater resignation. Wholesale cruelty and slaughter like that of 1821 and 1822 can never happen again, but then the cruelty of exacting more money than men can possibly pay, if not so openly monstrous as a great slaughter, is no less disastrous in the result; and then the Turks have ways and means of exacting money which none can realize without actually witnessing. For example, hundreds of poor Greek pilgrims left Smyrna this spring for the neighboring island of Tenos, as they do twice every year, without a passport, or even dreaming that such will be required of them. This year, however, it occurred to an ingenious official to demand of these pilgrims on their return their passports. None of course had them, and a fine of five francs a head all round was imposed.

Again, a new governor is sent to Chios, and finds on his arrival that meat is a shilling a pound; he immediately says it is too dear, and orders it to be sixpence in future. The butchers, however, know what he is after; they have a meeting of their guild; they make up a purse amongst them, and present it to the governor. If he is satisfied with this, without any further demur he raises meat to eighteenpence a pound.

No sadder sight for the archæologist exists than the ruins of the new monastery (*Néa Moní*), as it is called. It is up in the mountains of Chios, at the head of a romantic gorge, and was built by Constantine Monomachos nine hundred years ago, in recognition of a cunning prophecy the monks had made about his ascending the imperial throne. All the glories of Byzantine art were lavished on it; the mosaics were amongst the finest in the East, and styled the "glory of the Ægean Sea." Now the largest quantity of them lie in a heap outside the church door; red, yellow, blue, green, square bits of glass may be picked up in handfuls. Every building round the church is in ruins, yet the church itself, though much damaged, and the mosaics ruined, is standing, for it has a vaulted roof; and everywhere we noticed that vaulted roofs, arches, and so forth were the best preserved.

Before the war of independence this monastery had no less than four hundred monks—a perfect village, as the ruins attest. Before the earthquake there were

one hundred and twenty only, but still prosperous, as recent travellers know who have partaken of their hospitality. They were educated men, too.

Now there are barely eighty of them left, mostly in rags, ill fed, and fever-stricken from exposure in their wooden huts to the inclement mountain winds, and they are so busy tilling their ground to earn their bread that they have not even dug the books of their library out of the ruins. For two years now these books and numerous old MSS. have remained buried in the *débris*.

Two rival hermits live on two rival peaks above the monastery. Father Procopios built a church for himself over an anchorite's cave, and, wonderful to relate, the earthquake did not so much as injure a stone of his building; furthermore, the people of the Chora maintain that he prophesied the earthquake, and so idolized was he by the populace that the Turks put him into prison last year as a mover of sedition; but on religious matters the Turks are as a rule tolerant, so they sent him back again in answer to the clamors of the people, and now he has returned to his cell and his prophecies.

When Moslem fanaticism has not been aroused, as was the case in 1821, the Turkish government has been excessively lenient to their Greek subjects in the matter of religion. In every Greek church in Turkey of any antiquity, there exists but one sign of subjection; and it is this. Before the conquest of Constantinople, in the churches there existed a stone slab with the eagles of Constantine carved thereon, and put up in some conspicuous position. Now this is placed, by order of the sultan, on the pavement to be trampled under foot, and the eagle has to have keys in its hands to symbolize the authority handed over to the sultan.

In Lesbos a few years ago, commissioners were sent to see that these eagles were as they should be, and serious complaints were made that some were missing. In some churches the ingenious Christians have placed this slab on a pivot, so that the eagle may be placed downwards, and when there is a rumor of an inspection the stone is turned round.

Father Parthenios is the name of the rival hermit on the rival peak. I asked him about the success as a prophet Father Procopios had gained, and he answered with a sinister smile,—

"He only preached to the people that if they did not turn from their wicked ways something terrible would happen to

them; and this was construed by the fanatical women into a distinct prophecy; and then his church is built over a cave, and this has saved it from the earthquake."

In short Father Procopios had asserted an unpalatable superiority.

On my return to the Chora a personage in shabby garments expressed a desire to speak to me; his name was Constantine Prochides. Twenty years ago he established the first and only Greek printing-press in Chios; he printed schoolbooks for the gymnasium, he printed lists of the subscribers to charities. Six months ago his permission to print was taken away from him by the government, and now the schools of Chios can only get books by sending to Smyrna; they cannot print the names of the subscribers to their charities. In short, the Sciotes have no means of publishing anything now, and Prochides is a ruined man.

The object of this peremptory suppression of the press is obvious. The Turks do not wish anybody to know what is going on in the island, and how can anything be known? An English yacht or two may stop at the Chora for a few hours now and again; the occupants get off to see the ruins of the place; they think it sad, perhaps, and are glad to leave so mournful a spot. But since the officers of the *Thunderer* distributed relief after the earthquake scarcely a European has passed through the ruined villages, and now the printing press is stopped nothing can be known except what the government chooses to tell.

From the antecedents of Chios we may fairly argue that if the island were left to itself it would recover, for there is a surprising amount of commercial vitality about a Sciote. Of all Greeks, a Sciote Greek is the most astute; the names of most successful Greek merchants in England and elsewhere point to a Sciote origin. Even as far back as the days of Herodotus they were celebrated as a centre of commercial activity. During the Middle Ages the Greeks of Chios under Italian rule grew rich and prospered. Before the terrible slaughter of 1821, the wealth and luxury of Chios were proverbial throughout the East. Even after that disaster, which would have ruined any other place, Chios recovered, and before the earthquake, though badly governed, the island was prosperous. Unfortunately now their struggle for recovery is coincident with the final struggle of Turkey for existence, and unless in some way their

position is alleviated the result must be fatal.

## II.

### SAMOS.

THE steamer which plies between Chios and Samos only takes eight hours, and stops first at the Karlovassi, a nest of villages under the shadow of Mount Kerki.

A weird mountain, honeycombed with caves, and esteemed by the inhabitants as the abode of all sorts of unearthly horrors — Nereids, as they call them for the most part in the island. The Nereids of the mountain are at constant war with the Nereids of the sea; if the former win the mountaineers are prosperous, if the latter, luck attends those on the seashore. The Samiotes are right in attributing to the mountain their prosperity, for amongst the heights and caves of Mount Kerki the Samiotes kept up a constant war against the Turks long after the settlement of the Greek war of independence, which allotted the island, together with the rest of the Sporades, to Turkey. After years of determined resistance, France, England, and Russia gave the Samiotes leave to have a prince of their own — a Greek sent from Constantinople — a parliament of their own — in short, entire self-government on payment of an annual tribute of four hundred thousand piastres to the Porte. "So the Nereids of the mountains," say the Samiotes, "have put to rout the Nereids of the sea."

These mountaineers show the spirit of independence common to their class. The Samiotes who cross over to the opposite mainland make the best brigands, and are the dread of the Turks; the Samiotes who stop at home make the best citizens, and are the most law-abiding race to be found in the Greek islands. Samos, with the exception of the plain around the ancient Greek city, now barely inhabited, is all mountainous, and the mountains are fertile, many of them with forests up to the top; hence a typical Samiote is a shepherd from the mountain-side, and a fine fellow he is. This forms the difference between Chiotes and Samiotes; the former live principally on the coast, and are a timid, shrewd, mercantile race, the latter brave and hardy, and in a contest with Turkey the latter qualities are the most valuable, as the result shows. Throughout Samos every village we visited — and we visited nearly all — was

prosperous; an element of security for life and property seemed to render enterprise hopeful, and contentment in the existing order of things prevailed.

We land at Karlovassi, and are at once cheered by the sight of a flag—red and blue with a white cross thereon, the emblem of independence. On the shore of the little harbor soldiers in exceedingly gay uniform meet us; they wear the Greek costume, only their petticoats, or *fustanelli*, instead of being white cotton are of blue cloth; their coat is blue, with long, flapping sleeves, their waistcoats are richly embroidered with red, and so are their gaiters; they carry a sword by their side. These are the Samiote guards. On inquiry we were told that this costume was only adopted two years ago; originally it was the dress of the villagers in Maratho-Combo, a colony in Samos from Epirus, and consequently Albanian.

Modern Samos in fact is a mass of little colonies, for the island was uninhabited for a century after the Turkish inroads, until a pasha in 1550 went to hunt there one day and recognized its fertility, as the poet Menander did centuries before, when he applied to it the Greek proverb that at Samos "even hens give milk." On representing this fertility to the sultan, colonists from all parts of the empire were induced to go there by promises of gifts of land; consequently each Samiote village has a different type of countenance, though I am inclined to think from their dialect and physiognomy that the Ionian type prevails—probably Ionians from the neighboring mainland. At the same time many villages claim relationship with the Peloponnese, Macedonia, Lesbos, etc. Doubtless this mixture of blood has had a beneficial effect on the Samiote of to-day; only hardy and energetic men would undertake to colonize an island which had run to waste; at all events the offspring are finer Greeks than you meet elsewhere.

As in Chios mule-riding is the only mode of progression; roads are being made, and an excellent one from the capital Vathy to the ancient capital Samos, or, as it is now called, Tigani, is actually finished, but the islanders have as yet a distrust in the merits of carts and carriages, and the road is grass-grown save for a mule track in the middle. The prince told me that the Parliament had extensive schemes for road works all over the island, only money is wanting at present for the various enterprises. The sultan in consideration of this fact has remitted one

hundred thousand piastres of his tribute, on condition that roads are made with the money. "He thinks," said a cynical inhabitant of the slopes of Mount Kerki, "that in case of a disturbance arising, when good roads are made, he will be better able to subdue us than he was before."

As we wait for our mules, the smart guards come to us, and ask where we are going and our object; when satisfied as to our innocent intent they encourage us by saying we may travel all over their island without fear, "very different from over there," they add, pointing contemptuously at the mainland. The truth of this we realized, for nothing but the greatest civility attended our wanderings.

We stroll into the church; perhaps the most interesting thing for us who have just arrived at Samos is the throne of the prince therein, with *ζῆτω* (let him live) written over it, and then there is the invaluable richly carved tempelon or rood-screen, which we see in every church in these islands. In fact carving is quite a specialty about here.

The mountain scenery of Samos is truly gorgeous, surpassing all things in the Greek islands in loveliness. Through peeps in the fir forests you get glimpses of olive groves, of distant sea and islands; through peeps in the olive groves you get glimpses of fir forests, craggy mountains, blue distances and bluer sea. Every shade is blue, and then sometimes these olive groves reach to the summit of lofty hills, giving to each peak certain peculiar tints of blue, resembling stamped Utrecht velvet in softness; tall, gaunt cypresses stand out by way of contrast, and poplars without leaves, when we saw them—called *λευκά* by the Greeks from the whiteness of their bark—and then the foreground beneath you is gay with various colored anemones spread out like a carpet, amongst the bushes. We turn a corner, and look down on a village climbing the mountain-side, of a curious rich orange color, which harmonizes wonderfully with the scenery. On the flat roofs they place soil of a certain yellow marl, which, when soaked with rain, imparts its color to the walls, and hence the curious effect.

This was the village of Maratho-Combo on the southern slopes of Mount Kerki, where we arrived on the third day. It is the chief town of one of the four districts into which Samos is politically divided, and in point of size is second only to the capital, Vathy. Here we learned more

about the government and the internal working of the Samiote freedom.

They have a parliament, consisting of thirty-eight members in all, which meets once a year, in the spring, either at Vathy, where they have a parliament-house, or at the Chora, the old Turkish capital, in the parish church. The sitting is never for less than thirty, or more than forty days. Every man in Samos has a vote. Out of this assemblage five senators are annually chosen to stay at Vathy, to act as the prince's permanent council—one from each of the divisions, and the fifth to act as chancellor of the exchequer; but without the consent of parliament not a penny can be spent.

All justice in its minor details is administered locally in the dikasteria of the four provinces by the two demarchs elected for the purposes. Cases of greater importance come before the Court of Areopagus, or assizes, which take place periodically, and are presided over by the senator for each province.

The dikasterion at Maratho-Combo was not a prepossessing building, and the government official (*evayyeheir*) was not a man of great personal intelligence; but he grew warm on the subject of his country's freedom. On the table of the justice hall lay a copy of the code of laws in use in the modern Hellenic kingdom. The Samiotes express a great respect for their kinsmen on the European mainland, for whose freedom they fought. It is a fashion in the island to eat off plates on which the king or queen of the Hellenes, or heroes of the war of independence, are printed. But during the Cretan revolution so many Samiotes went to join their fighting fellow-Greeks that the sultan sent a man-of-war to Vathy harbor. It was an awkward time for the prince; he feared that if his subjects assisted the Cretans too visibly, and the Cretans failed, an attempt might be made to place Samos once more under direct Turkish rule. So, amongst other orders of a like nature, he commanded all these plates to be broken. "But," said our host, off whose plates we were eating, "we only broke a few for show, and put the rest into a cupboard until affairs were settled." Certainly there are plenty of royal plates in Samos now, and plenty of portraits of their Hellenic majesties on the walls, not to mention handkerchiefs by the dozen with stirring pictures thereon of Kotsari, Diakos, and other celebrities of the revolution.

To the development of Samos there is naturally more wanting than good govern-

ment. The lack of money is felt here, as it is in Greece proper, as a serious drawback to progress. Samos is full of minerals, but there is no local capital to open mines. Drainage would make the plain, once so fertile near the old town, again habitable. Nevertheless great activity is evinced by the handful of merchants who live at Tigani, on the ruins of the once famous Samos. This year they have opened out the old aqueduct which Herodotus mentioned as one of the wonders of Samos (Herod. lib. iii., ch. lx.), with a view to supplying the town with water. This is an excessively interesting object for the archæologist, piercing, as it does, for two and a half miles the heart of the mountain behind the town, and showing thereby the engineering skill of the ancient Greek. It was lost till the spring of last year, when a priest named Cyril, from the monastery of the Holy Trinity, discovered its long-lost southern entrance whilst ploughing.

At the cost of twenty thousand francs the Samiotes have now almost completed the restoration of the ancient channel, and the merchants of Tigani, excited in the possession of this boon, hope soon to restore the ancient prosperity of their town. They have dug up the ruins of an old temple, with which they are restoring the old mole, mentioned likewise by Herodotus as the second wonder of Samos, and they are clearing out their harbor; to do this they purpose putting a small tax on foreign merchant ships, which touch here for raisins, wine, and caryb-beans, but the consular agents live at Vathy, and are opposed to having Tigani raised up as a rival harbor.

It is a pleasant walk across the once fertile plain to the third wonder of Samos—the ruined Temple of Hera, of which but one tottering column is left standing. The plain is covered with remnants of the past, and the buried town and its environs would amply reward an archæologist for the trouble of digging. Moreover in Samos the country is safe. It is not as it is at Ephesus, where the excavator has to be guarded by cavasses; here he can dig at his leisure, and could doubtless easily come to terms with the Samiote government for the transport of his treasures troven, which for some time past has been an object of difficulty in Greece, and is now in Turkey.

How glorious must have been a panegyris at the Heræon of Samos, when the temple in all its richness, before the marauding days of Marc Antony and other



Vandals, received countless Greek pilgrims from the neighboring islands and coasts!

Greek religious history is apt to repeat itself, for up on the hill slopes above the Heræon an annual Christian pilgrimage still takes place; three thousand go there from Asia Minor and the neighboring islands with their blind, their paralyzed, and their lame. Miracles are on record, but the sceptical say the same people are kept to be cured year by year. Undoubtedly the monks are very rich, and they have chosen the spot for their monastery of the Holy Cross with judgment; it is out of the reach of pirates, and near enough to the Heræon to carry on the idea of a religious centre.

A parallel case is before us in the panegyris to the shrine of the Madonna of Tenos, called by the Greeks the Queen of Queens. It is a sort of panhellenic festival, whither twice a year from twenty-five to thirty thousand pilgrims will assemble. Now Tenos is an island only a few miles from Delos, and the miraculous picture of the Virgin was conveniently discovered just after the war of independence, when the idea of panhellenism was rife; so to the Cyclades, close to the ancient centre of Delos, flock Greek devotees from every corner of the Greek world at this very time.

Samiote shepherds are quaint, simple men, the back-bone of their country. You meet one; he says, "Ωρα καλή," "Good hour to you." Practice alone teaches the appropriate replies, Πολλά τὰ ἔτη, "Many years to you;" "Well met." And never shall I forget the effect produced by a shepherd who related his adventures to us with a Nereid. There he sat in his skin cloak, his crook in his hand, his red fez jauntily placed on one side of his head, as he told us how one night a goat followed him all the way from Karlovassi to Pyrgos with a tinkling bell; at each village he came to the goat left him as he entered, to rejoin him on the other side. At length at a well near Pyrgos his mule stopped, and no power of his would urge him on. At the same time a bright light in the shape of a figure came out of the well; the goat ran off and was seen no more. Three days afterwards he was sick. "Surely," he added, with excitement, "there was no doubt about it; it was the παρὰ γία (Virgin) herself who came as a Nereid to drive away some evil spirit that was following me."

The shepherd sits on the mountain-side with his σαποῦνα, or bagpipe—a hideous  
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enough instrument in a house, but exceedingly quaint amongst the wild hills. It consists of an inflated pig-skin, with a cow's horn at one end with holes for the fingers and a hole to blow in. Then another pastoral instrument is the *συσάλιον*, a veritable pan-pipe, an Ionian instrument made out of a simple reed, with six holes for the fingers down on one side and one for the thumb on the other. A small shepherd-boy played this for us with wonderful precision and taste, rambling on from one tune to another.

As we approached the old capital after our sojourn in the mountains traces of antiquity grew around us—a statue let in here and there, an inscription on a church tower, and so forth. At the village of Maurodei they still make a sort of ugly, quaintly colored pottery, and ingenious cups which, if you fill them above a certain point, become entirely empty. This is all that is left of the once celebrated Samiote industry. We saw many specimens of plates let into houses and churches by way of mural decoration, and in some villages a few were still existing amongst the household crockery. When we reached the Chora, however, the old Turkish capital, we were at once steeped in antiquity: every house boasts of a treasure let into the walls—some statue, some carving, or some column which has come from the ancient town two miles distant; but the glory has departed from this southern side of the island, and is now centred in Vathy. The Chora still possesses a palace for the prince, and it may be gay when the parliament meets in its church.

Vathy, which takes its name from its deep (*βαθύς*) harbor, must be the seat of government until better days dawn on Tigani, and they can restore the old harbor of Samos to its ancient value. Vathy is built in a basin surrounded by lofty hills; it reminds one of a Riviera town. There is the higher Vathy struggling up the hillside, house above house; and there is the lower Vathy on the shore with a well-appointed quay, and the prince's square, substantial-looking palace in the middle. The lower Vathy has all been built since Turkish days, and a very flourishing little place it is, attesting more than anything else can do to the soundness of the new government.

Forty years have elapsed since Samos was definitely free, and this space of time has wrought a wonderful difference in the island. There are now schools in every village and paid masters, whereas thirty

years ago there were only schools in the principal villages, and the masters in many cases scarce able to live.\* These schools are very tidy specimens indeed — well built, all of them, and adorned internally with maps, and mottoes all round the walls, such as "Success to the Principality, and freedom of Samos."

Every child is brought up by its parents and masters to revere the very word of freedom, and the prince has no power to infringe their hard-won liberties; for Greek though he is, he has lived at Constantinople all his life, and is a nominee of the sultan, and might be tempted, as Greek hospodars of the Porte used to be, to gain credit to himself by infringing the liberties of those under them. The first princes of Samos tried to do this, but one day the Samiotes drove Prince Vogrides, his agents, and his *caïmacan*, out of the island; and in 1850 the sultan by a firman granted the complete liberty of self-government which is now enjoyed.

The prince lives at Vathy, and receives twelve thousand five hundred piastres per annum; he has a steam yacht provided for him, and he has a very grand guard to attend upon him, the facings of whose uniform are of gold, where that of the others is only red; he has a good house, and a large garden, divided from it by a street. He walks about the town with an easier step than most princes would do, for in point of fact he is only the sultan's agent there, to see that the three hundred thousand piastres are paid regularly, and to see that the Samiotes don't quarrel amongst themselves, in which way his presence is beneficial, for they know that the least misconduct on their part would be at once reported, and made the most of at Constantinople.

As we steamed out of Vathy harbor I could not help wondering how long this rope of piastres would bind Samos to Turkey, and thinking that the coins would be better spent in converting mule-tracks into roads than in swelling the coffers of the sick man. We touched at Chios again on our way to Smyrna, and the contrast was still more forcibly brought before us — we had left prosperity and peace, we saw around us ruin and desolation.

J. THEODORE BENT.

\* M. Guérin's account of Samos, 1854.

From Nature.

#### EARTH PULSATIONS.

FOR many years philosophers have speculated as to whether the surface of the earth is really so stable as it usually appears. With the sudden and violent motions of our soil which we call earthquakes man has been familiar since the earliest times, and the origin of these disturbances has always formed a fruitful source of speculation. With the help of properly constructed instruments, our knowledge of the nature of these movements has during the last few years been greatly extended, and we are brought to the conclusion that these natural vibrations are propagated through the surface of our earth in a manner very different to that which we should have anticipated from our knowledge of elastic solids. Another order of earth movements which, in the hands of Timoteo Bertelli of Florence, M. S. di Rossi of Rome, and other Italian investigators, have recently received considerable attention, are *earth tremors*. From observations carried on during the past ten years it would appear that the soil of Italy is practically in a perpetual state of vibration, even in districts far removed from volcanic centres. On account of the smallness in the amplitude of these motions they are only to be observed with the aid of specially constructed instruments. Messrs. George and Horace Darwin, in connection with their experiments on the disturbance of gravity caused by lunar attraction, have shown that these movements are common to the soil of Britain. Like observations have been made in Japan, and it does not seem improbable that after further experiments have been carried out we shall be brought to the conclusion that the surface of the whole globe is affected with similar microseismic disturbances.

In addition to these minute movements, which escape the attention of the ordinary observer on account of the smallness of their amplitude, theoretical investigation has shown that there may be existing in the soil on which we live movements which have escaped our attention on account of the slowness of their period. These motions for want of a better term I call *earth pulsations*. Mr. George Darwin in his last report to the British Association has shown that movements of that nature may be produced by barometrical variation. A rise of the barometer over an area is equivalent to loading that area with a weight, in consequence of which it

is depressed. When the barometer falls, the load is removed from the area, which in virtue of its elasticity rises to its original position. This fall and rise of the ground completes a single pulsation.

On the assumption that the earth is extremely rigid, Mr. Darwin calculates that if the barometer rises an inch over an area like Australia, the load is sufficient to sink that continent two or three inches.

The tides which twice a day load our shores cause the land to rise and fall in a similar manner. On the shores of the Atlantic, Mr. Darwin has calculated that this rise and fall of the land may be as much as five inches. By these risings and fallings of the land the inclination of the surface is so altered that the stile of a plummet suspended from a rigid support ought not always to hang over the same spot. There would be a deflection of the vertical.

In short, calculation respecting the effects of loads of various descriptions which we know are by natural operations continually being placed upon and removed from the surface of various areas of the earth's surface, indicate that slow pulsatory movements of the earth's surface must be taking place, causing variations in inclination of one portion of the earth's crust relatively to another. That pulsatory motions of this description have repeatedly been observed it may be shown that there is but little doubt. The magnitude of these disturbances however is so great that we can hardly attribute their origin solely to the causes which have just been indicated. Rather than seeking an explanation from agencies exogenous to our earth we might perhaps with advantage appeal to the endogenous phenomena of our planet. When the barometer falls, which we have shown corresponds to an upward motion of the earth's crust, we know from the results of experiment that microseismic motions are particularly noticeable.

As a pictorial illustration of what this really means, we may imagine ourselves to be residing on the loosely fitting lid of a large cauldron, the relief of the external pressure over which increases the activity of its internal ebullition; the jars attendant on this ebullition are gradually propagated from their endogenous source to the exterior of our planet. This travelling outwards would take place much in the same way that the vibrations consequent to the rattle and jar of a large factory slowly spread themselves farther and farther from the point where they were produced.

Admitting an action of this description to take place, it would then follow that this extra liberation of gaseous material beneath the earth's crust would result in an increased upward pressure from within, and a tendency on the part of the earth's crust to elevation. If we accept this as an explanation of the increased activity of a tremor indicator, then such an instrument may be regarded as a barometer, measuring by its motions the variations in the internal pressure of our planet.

The relief of external pressure and the increase of the internal pressure, it will be observed both tend in the same direction, namely, to an elevation of the earth's crust.

This explanation of the increased activity of earth tremors, which is I believe due to M. di Rossi, is here only advanced as a speculation — more probable perhaps than many others. We know how a mass of sulphur which has been fused in the presence of water, in a closed boiler, gives up in the form of steam the occluded moisture upon the relief of pressure. In a similar manner we see steam escaping from volcanic vents and cooling streams of lava. We also know how gas escapes from the pores and cavities in a seam of coal on the fall of the barometrical column. We also know that certain wells increase the height of their column under like conditions. The latter of these phenomena may be added to that which we have already mentioned, as a result consequent on diminution of atmospheric pressure, which, by its tendency to render an area of less weight, facilitates its rise.

The next question is as to whether we have any direct evidence of such heavings and sinkings in our earth's crust.

Although some of the proofs which are brought forward to show that slow pulsations like these are phenomena which have been repeatedly observed are unsatisfactory, taking them one with another they indicate that these pulsatory phenomena have a real existence.

Pendulums for instance which have been suspended for the purposes of seismometrical observations, have, both by observers in Italy and Japan, been seen to have moved a short distance out from and then back to their normal position.

This motion has simply taken place on one side of their central position, and is not due to a swing. The character of these records is such that we might imagine the soil on which the support of the

pendulum had rested to have been slowly tilted and slowly lowered. They are the most marked on those pendulums provided with an index writing a record of its motions on a smoked-glass plate, which index is so arranged that it gives a multiplied representation of the relative motion between it and the earth. As motions of this sort might be possibly due to the action of moisture in the soil tilting the support of the pendulum, and to a variety of other accidental causes, we cannot insist on them as being certain indications that there are slow tips in the soil, but for the present allow them to remain as possible proofs of such phenomena.

Evidences of displacements of the vertical which are more definite than the above are those made by Bertelli, Rossi, Count Malvasi, and other Italian observers, who, whilst recording earth tremors, have spent so much time in watching the vibrations of stiles of delicate pendulums by means of microscopes. As a result of these observations we are told that the point about which the stile of a pendulum oscillates is variable. These displacements take place in various azimuths, and they appear to be connected with changes of the barometer.

From this and from the fact that it is found that a number of different pendulums differently situated on the same area give similar evidence of these movements, it would hardly seem that this phenomena could be attributed to changes in temperature, moisture, and the like. M. S. di Rossi lays stress on this point, especially in connection with his microseismograph, where there are a number of pendulums of unequal length which give indications of a like character. The directions in which these tips of the soil take place, which phenomena are noticeable in seismic as well as microseismic motions, Rossi states are related to the direction of certain lines of faulting.

Bubbles of delicate levels when examined by a microscope change their position with meteorological variations, but Rossi also tells us that they change their position, sometimes not to return for a long time, during a microseismic storm. Here again we have another phenomenon pointing to the fact that microseismic disturbances are the companions of slow alterations in level.\*

\* Since my return to Japan in January, 1883, I may mention that I have commenced series of observations on earth tremors and earth pulsations, and on several occasions have observed very marked coincidences be-

The more definite kinds of information which we have to bring forward, tending to prove the existence of earth pulsations too slow in period to be felt, are those which appear to be resultant phenomena of great earthquakes.

The phenomena that we are certain of in connection with earth vibrations, whether these vibrations are produced artificially by explosions of dynamite in bore-holes, or whether they are produced naturally by earthquakes, are, firstly, that a disturbance as it dies out at a given point often shows in the diagrams obtained by seismographs a decrease in period; and secondly, a similar decrease in the period of the disturbance takes place as the disturbance spreads.

As examples of these actions I will refer to the diagrams which I have given in a paper on the "Systematic Observation of Earthquakes" in Vol. IV. of the Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan.

In a diagram of the disturbance of March 1, 1882, it seems that the vibrations at the commencement of the disturbance had a period of about three per second, near the middle of the disturbance the period is about 1.1, whilst near the end the period has decreased to .46. That is to say, the back and forth motion of the ground at the commencement of the earthquake was six times as great as it was near the end, when to make one complete oscillation it took between two and three seconds. Probably the period became still less, but was not recorded owing to the insensibility of the instruments to such slow motions.

We have not yet the means of comparing together diagrams of two or more earthquakes, one having been taken near to the origin and the other at a distance. The only comparisons which I have been enabled to make have been those of diagrams taken of the same earthquake — one in Tokio and the other in Yokohama. As this base is only sixteen miles, and the earthquake may have originated at a distance of several hundreds of miles, comparisons like these can be of but little value.

The best diagrams to illustrate the point I wish to bring forward are those at the end of the paper just referred to.

tween barometrical depressions and these movements. Not only are these atmospheric changes accompanied with microseismic storms, but there are deflections in the stile of a pendulum, and changes in the position of the bulbs of delicate levels, which at such times can be seen with the naked eye to surge back and forth through a small range.

These are the results obtained at three stations in a straight line, but at different distances from the origin, of a disturbance produced by exploding a charge of dynamite in a bore-hole. A simple inspection of the diagrams shows that at the near station the disturbance consisted of back and forth motions which, compared with the same disturbance as recorded at a more distant station, were very rapid. Further, by examining the diagram of the motions, say at the near station, it is clearly evident that the period of the back and forth motion rapidly decreased as the motion died out.

Then illustrations are given, as examples out of a large series of other records, all showing like results.

Although we must draw a distinction between earth waves and water waves, we yet see that in these points they present a striking likeness. Let us take, for example, any of the large earthquake waves which have originated off the coast of South America, and then radiated outwards, until they spread across the Pacific, to be recorded in Japan and other countries perhaps twenty-five hours afterwards, at a distance of nearly nine thousand miles from their origin. Near this origin they appeared as walls of water, which were seen rapidly advancing towards the coast. These have been from twenty to two hundred feet in height, and they succeeded each other at rapid intervals, until finally they died out as gentle waves. By the time these walls of water traversed the Pacific to, let us say, Japan, they broadened out to a swell so flat that it could not be detected on the smoothest water excepting along shore lines, where the water rose and fell like the tide. Instead of a wall of water sixty feet in height we have long flat undulations perhaps eight feet in height, but with a distance from crest to crest of more than one hundred and twenty miles.

If we turn to the effects of large earthquakes as exhibited on the land, I think that we shall find records of phenomena which are only to be explained on the assumption of an action having taken place analogous to that which takes place so often in the ocean, or an action similar to that exhibited by small earthquakes and artificially produced disturbances if greatly exaggerated.

As a remarkable instance of such phenomena we may take the great earthquake of Lisbon on November 1, 1755. In Spain, northern Italy, the south of France and Germany, northern Africa, Madeira

and other Atlantic islands, the effects of the disturbance which created so much devastation in Portugal were also more or less severely felt as violent movements of the soil.

In other countries further distant, as, for instance, Great Britain, Holland, Norway and Sweden, and North America, although the records are numerous, the only phenomena which were particularly observed were the slow oscillations of the waters in lakes, ponds, canals, etc. In some instances the observers especially remarked that *there was no motion in the soil*.

Pebbley Dam in Derbyshire, which is a large body of water covering some thirty acres, commenced to oscillate as a strong current from the south.

A canal near Godalming flowed eight feet over the walk on the north side.

Coniston Water in Cumberland, which is about five miles long, oscillated for about five minutes, rising a yard up its shores. Near Durham a pond forty yards long and ten yards broad rose and fell about one foot for six or seven minutes. There were four or five ebbs and flows per minute.

Loch Lomond rose and fell through about two and a half feet every five minutes, and all other lochs in Scotland seem to have been similarly agitated.

At Shirbrun Castle in Oxfordshire, where the water in some moats and ponds was very carefully observed, it was noticed that the floods began gently, the velocity then increased, till at last with great impetuosity they reached their full height. Here the water remained for a little while, until the ebb commenced, at first gently but finally with great rapidity. At two extremities of a moat about one hundred yards long it was found that the sinkings and risings were almost simultaneous. The motions in the pond a short distance from the moat were also observed, and it was found that the risings and sinkings of the two did not agree.

During these motions there were several maxima.

These few examples of the motions of waters without any record of the motions of the ground at the time of the Lisbon earthquake must be taken as examples of a very large number of similar observations of which we have detailed accounts.

Like agitations it must also be remembered were perceived in North America and in Scandinavia, and if the lakes of other distant countries had been provided with sufficiently delicate apparatus, it is



not unlikely that like disturbances would have been recorded.

The only explanation for these phenomena appears to be that the short quick vibrations which had ruined so many cities in Portugal had by the time that they had radiated to distant countries gradually become changed into long flat waves having a period of perhaps several minutes, and in countries like England these pulse-like movements were too gentle to be perceived excepting in the effects produced by tipping up the beds of lakes and ponds.

The phenomenon was not unlike that of a swell produced by a distant storm.

At Amsterdam and other towns chandeliers in churches were observed to swing. At Haarlem floods rose over the sides of tubs, and it is expressly mentioned that no motion was perceived in the ground.

At the Hague a tallow-chandler was surprised at the clashing noise made by his candles, and this the more so because no motion was felt under foot.

At Toplitz the pulsation of the ground appears to have manifested itself in effects upon the springs. The flow of the principal spring was greatly increased. Before this increase it became turbid, and at one time stopped. Subsequently it became clear, and flowed as usual, but the water was hotter and more strongly mineralized.

At one or two places, as, for instance, in Britain, slight earthquakes were experienced. These, however, were local, and in every probability were secondary disturbances produced by the pulsations causing ground in a critical state to give way.

In this earthquake I think, then, that we have a clear case of the production of pulsations in the soil that were too slow to be felt by ordinary observers.

Motions like these might be called slow earthquakes, and it does not seem unlikely that they are the resultants of all large disturbances. When they accompany a large earthquake like that of Lisbon, their cause is evident. But when we see the waters of lakes and ponds oscillating, the bulbs of levels disturbed, and the plummet line of pendulums displaced, the reason of these phenomena are not so apparent. It would seem possible that in some cases pulsations producing these phenomena might have their origin beneath the oceans, or deep down beneath the earth's crust. Perhaps, instead of commencing with the snap and jar of an earthquake, they may commence as a heaving or sinking of a considerable

area, which may be regarded as an uncompleted effort in the establishment of an earthquake or a volcano. The very fact that we know that volcanoes rising from deep oceans have in the first instance forced their way against a pressure of at least three or four tons to the square inch, indicates to us the existence of internal pressures tending to raise the crust of the earth, which pressures are infinitely greater than any of the pressures which we have upon the surface of our earth produced by tides and variations in the barometrical column. If we follow the views of Mr. Mallet in considering that the pressures exerted on the crust of our earth may in volcanic regions be roughly estimated by the height of a column of lava in the volcanoes of such districts, we see that in the neighborhood of a volcano like Cotopaxi the upward pressures must have been many times greater than the pressures already mentioned — sea-level being taken as the line of hydrostatic equilibrium. The chief point, however, is that beneath the crust of our earth enormous pressures exist tending to cause eruption; and farther, that these are variable. Before a volcano bursts forth we should expect that there would be in its vicinity an upward bulging of the crust, and after its formation a fall. Farther, it is not difficult to conjecture other possible means by which such pressures may obtain relief.

Should these pressures then find relief without rupturing the surface, it is not difficult to imagine them as the originators of vast pulsations which may be recorded on the surface of the earth as wave-like motions of slow period similar to the motions in the outer area of a tract disturbed by a destructive earthquake.

That slow, undulatory motions or changes in the vertical do occur in the crust of the earth, whatever may be their origin, we have numerous phenomena which certainly admit of explanation on such an assumption.

In Switzerland from time to time we hear of oscillations in the waters of lakes known under the name of *Rhussen* and *Seiches*. These, it may be remarked, are common to the lakes and inland seas of many countries.

Other examples of what may have been a slow oscillating motion of the earth's crust are referred to by Mr. George Darwin in his report to the British Association in 1882. One of them was made by M. Magnus Nyrén at Pulkova, who, when engaged in levelling the axis of a tele-

scope, observed spontaneous oscillations in the bulb of the level.

This was on May 10 (April 28), 1877. The complete period was about twenty seconds, the amplitude being 1.5" and 2". One hour and fourteen minutes before this he observes that there had been a severe earthquake at Iquique, the distance to which in a straight line was ten thousand six hundred kilometres, and on an arc of a great circle twelve thousand five hundred kilometres.

On September 20 (8) in 1867, Mr Wagner had observed at Pulkova oscillations of 3", seven minutes before which there had been an earthquake at Malta.

On April 4 (March 23), 1868, an agitation of the level had been observed by M. Gromadzki, five minutes before which there had been an earthquake in Turkestan.

Similar observations had been made twice before. These, however, had not been connected with any earthquakes, at least — Mr. Darwin remarks — with certainty.

Like phenomena are mentioned by M. S. di Rossi, in his "*Meteorologica Endogena*."

Thus on March 20, 1881, at 9 P.M., a watchmaker in Buenos Ayres observed that all his clocks oscillating north and south suddenly began to increase their amplitude, until some of them became twice as great as before. Similar observations were made in all the other shops. No motion of the earth was detected. Subsequently it was learnt that this corresponded with an earthquake in Santiago and Mendoza.

Another remarkable example illustrating the like phenomena are the observations which were made on December 21, 1860, by means of a barometer in San Francisco, which oscillated, with periods of rest, for half an hour. No shock was felt, nor is it likely that it was a local accident, as it could not be produced artificially. On the following day, however, a violent earthquake was experienced at Santiago.

This brings me to the end of the few important illustrations of the phenomena of earth pulsations which I have at my disposal. With a little trouble I have no doubt that these might be greatly multiplied. As they stand, however, I think that they are quite sufficient to convince us of the existence of phenomena which hitherto have been almost entirely overlooked. That disturbances of the vertical are from time to time produced by long

pulse-like waves can, with these examples before us, hardly be doubted. It must, however, be noted that they are of a different order to those phenomena which were so carefully sought for by the Darwins at Cambridge. JOHN MILNE.

Tokio, Japan.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### UNCLAIMED MONEY.

THE "agony column" of our leading papers is invariably a source of considerable amusement to many people, by the extraordinary and generally romantic character of the notices to be found there, amongst which may be mentioned the curiosities of next of kin; and one and all naturally and justly arrive at the proper conclusion, that there is unquestionably a vast amount of property lying at the present time unclaimed in England. Perhaps it is less difficult to find heirs, now that communication with the colonies is so rapid and constant; but for all that, the number of advertisements for next of kin proves that a difficulty still exists; and, in fact, few people are really aware how much unclaimed cash is still lying dormant, and how much has been appropriated by government.

In novels, people are often made to pick up fortunes out of a chance newspaper, and the incident is dismissed by the reader as entirely growing out of the author's imagination. What ought to surprise us is, not that fortunes are sometimes thus obtained, but that millions of pounds sterling should be going about begging for an owner, and advertising themselves to an incredulous and indifferent public, who scarcely ever take the trouble to inquire about the large sums locked up in chancery, not to speak of unclaimed dividends, etc., still awaiting their proper owners. There are scores of people at present, belonging to a circle below that of the "upper ten," who have really fair grounds for expecting a change of fortune in the right direction some day, but they lack the necessary clue on which all their hopes turn. Others there are, both at home and abroad, who fancy they will in time come into something handsome. Meanwhile, they trust to chance, without searching for themselves.

While it is not the writer's intention to weary the reader's patience with an array of dry statistical accounts, the mention of a few monetary items may have the effect

of spurring on to greater activity those fortune-hunters and expectant legatees who are somewhat indifferent to their own immediate interests and future welfare. The heirs of persons in all stations of life are occasionally sought through the medium of what is known as a next-of-kin advertisement, and such announcements as the following are not uncommon: "Charcoal Dick is wanted." "A good fortune awaits a certain cab driver." "A son of a Lincolnshire draper will hear of 'something beneficial.'" "A gentleman who left England a quarter of a century ago, is asked to come forward and claim a residuary estate." "It would be greatly to the advantage of a travelling herbalist to write to his wife." And to J. B. the joyful intelligence is conveyed "that he has been adjudicated bankrupt, and may return home without fear of molestation."

Then, again, there are many persons who seem to have died without relatives. The amount of money thus reverting to the crown is rarely made public; but it certainly oozed out in the notable case of Mrs. Helen Blake, of Kensington, that the sum was not less than a hundred and forty thousand pounds, personalty. These "crown-windfall" cases are pretty numerous. The amount in dispute is not stated in the advertisement, nor are the next of kin informed, in the usual phraseology of such notices, that "something to their advantage" awaits them. Unless these inquiries state concisely what the next of kin are wanted for, they have rather a discouraging tendency than otherwise; for instances are not unknown where a creditor of a deceased person has advertised for the successor, in order to get his little account settled.

A very considerable portion of the unclaimed army prize-money will doubtless remain in the hands of the government forever, owing to the impossibility of the next of kin of many deceased soldiers being able to substantiate their claims from lack of the necessary documentary evidence. The reason is not far to seek. It was a more common practice in days gone by than now for persons to enlist as soldiers under assumed names; in the majority of cases, the assumed names would be unknown to the relatives, and consequently all prize-money carried to such accounts would in the case of the soldier's death lapse to the crown. This is shown by the "Soldiers' Unclaimed Balance," in which some of the amounts are considerable. In a recent number of the *Gazette*, a "windfall" of this kind

was announced, a corporal in the 1st battalion Worcester Regiment being the lucky person, and the sum five hundred and eighteen pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence. These announcements, however, ought to be made in newspapers likely to be seen by persons interested. Another reason is possibly to be found in the fact that great delay usually takes place in its distribution, so that many soldiers entitled to share in some goodly prize, die before the distribution takes place.

Many persons, too, are interested in "unclaimed naval prize-money." It was more common a century ago than it is now for the army and navy to act in concert, and in some cases the prize-money was considerable. Take, for example, the capture of Havana in 1762. The money, valuable merchandise, with the military and naval stores found in the town and arsenal, were valued at three million pounds sterling; and great discontent followed the distribution of this prize-money, the subordinate officers and the seamen receiving a very unequal reward for their services. The admiral was awarded one hundred and twenty-two thousand six hundred and ninety-seven pounds ten shillings and sixpence; and the commodore, twenty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-nine pounds ten shillings and a penny; other officers, much smaller payments; but the smallest of all to brave-hearted Jack and poor Joe the marine, who had doled out to them the insignificant sum of three pounds fourteen shillings and ninepence each; scarcely tempting enough for the deceased seaman's next of kin to incur trouble and expense to recover. A like sum was paid to the army.

Among other things not generally known is the fact that there annually lapses to the government of this country a very large sum from unclaimed dividends. A recent Parliamentary paper shows that on 4th January, 1882, the government dividends due, and not demanded, amounted to eight hundred and eighteen thousand nine hundred and nine pounds twelve shillings and sixpence; of which sum, there was advanced to the government seven hundred and fifty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds and ninepence. The sums thus advanced are applied pursuant to the provisions of certain acts of Parliament towards the reduction of the national debt. A remarkable case came before the late vice-chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles

at the great age of ninety-eight, who, though entitled to fifty-six thousand pounds in the funds, and to more than twenty thousand pounds accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives; from which fact, it may be inferred that this large deposit had escaped the aged lady's memory.

In addition to unclaimed dividends, the Bank of England, doubtless, has large sums in the shape of unclaimed deposits. In fact, most companies of long standing have on their books large sums in the shape of unclaimed dividends. For instance, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company some years ago had upwards of thirty thousand pounds thus awaiting claimants; and were a Parliamentary return of the unclaimed residues of estates in the hands of trustees to be ordered, people would be startled at the totals it would reveal.

Then, again, the right or partial right of the crown to treasure-trove is deemed by many persons to be a somewhat arbitrary one, and finders of these long-hidden treasures now and then try to dispose of them on the sly. Concealment of this kind in the "good old times" was death; it is now fine or imprisonment. The right assumed by a lord of the manor to treasure-trove found on his estate may be exemplified by the following amusing anecdote: A West-end jeweller endeavored to palm off upon a rich old gentleman an old-fashioned silver drinking-cup, by declaring that it had been found in a particular field near a certain town. "Will you certify that in writing?" The tradesman was only too ready to do so. Whereupon the gentleman, pocketing the certificate, and taking up the flagon at the same time, remarked: "Thank you, very much; I am the lord of that manor, and I am glad to receive my proper dues."

The mention of conscience-money, too, invariably provokes a smile; but perhaps some of us are ignorant of the fact that this last item alone has been estimated to swell the chancellor of the exchequer's budget by about fifteen thousand pounds a year, and sometimes more.

It is rarely that one reads of a person refusing to claim a legacy, but it has been known. An old lady was entitled to considerable property, and her advisers wanted her to go some distance and sign a paper, offering to take her in a post-chaise and pay all expenses; but being of an obstinate temper, she refused to stir; and persuasion being useless, the property disappeared, and has never been traced.

There are some persons who make it the rule of their lives to "gather gear by every wile;" and amongst this class of monomaniacs may be classed misers. A prolific source of litigation often arises from their eccentric mode of disposing of their hoards. What has become of the many bags of gold often discovered hidden up a chimney, or planted behind the back of a grate; secreted in a cupboard or sewn up in a mattress; deposited amongst the lath and plaster of a ceiling; placed behind the shutters of a room, or even buried in the coal-cellar? One instance may suffice. In 1766, at a lodging-house in Deptford (London), an English lady died at the age of ninety-six. Her name was Luborne. For nearly half a century she had lived in the most penurious manner; frequently, indeed, had begged on the highroads, when she went on business to the city. After her death, there were found securities in the bank, South Sea, East India, and other stocks to the amount of forty thousand pounds and upwards; besides jewels, plate, china, rich clothing; great quantities of the finest silks, linen, velvet, etc., of very great value, together with a large sum of money. To whom all this treasure reverted, does not appear.

It may have been a bold question, but evidently the gentleman who asked for "a list of the funds paid out of Chancery during the last fifty years," had but a faint idea of the magnitude of the transactions of the Chancery paymaster. Without entering into very minute details, one is fairly astonished to read of the dormant funds in Chancery. From the annual budget of the paymaster-general, it appears that the receipts for the year ending 31st August, 1880, added to the securities then in court, made up a grand total of ninety-five million five hundred and four thousand four hundred and eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and fivepence.

Though not generally known, it is perfectly true that very considerable sums of unclaimed money have from time to time thus accumulated; and in fact the royal courts of justice have been built almost entirely with the surplus interest of the suitors' money, large sums of which have been borrowed, to enable the chancellor of the exchequer to carry through his financial operations; thus, in 1881, Mr. Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million pounds for national debt purposes. It would appear by this that these unclaimed funds have been utilized to lighten the burden of taxation, it being impossible

to divide the surplus interest among the suitors. By a return made to the House of Commons in July, 1854, the total amount of suitors' stock then in court amounted to forty-six million pounds. In the following year, a list containing the titles of such accounts, but not stating the amounts, was printed and exhibited in the Chancery offices, with the following highly satisfactory results, that many persons came forward and preferred their claims, and about one-half of the stock supposed to be unclaimed was transferred out of court to successful claimants.

At intervals, lists of these unclaimed funds are indeed published; but they are said to be lists which any man of business would be ashamed of; and until something more intelligible is published, many persons will continue to have fanciful claims on these dormant funds. And if we were to take the catalogue of spurious claimants, we should no doubt find it to be a long one; and perhaps it is not altogether to be wondered at, as they have rarely any difficulty in finding people ready to believe, not only in the genuineness of their claims, but also to find the money to assist in substantiating them.

On the other hand, it is easy for really just claims to arise, as the following paragraph will show: At a meeting of the Historic Society, held in Liverpool some years ago, the president referring to an interesting seal belonging to the family of Moels, stated that the last owner of the property had a dissolute son, who collected the rents of the estate to meet his extravagances. His father, vowing revenge, set out to find him; but whether he succeeded in doing so is not known, as, to this day, neither father nor son has ever been heard of; and the whole of the estate is now in the hands of the tenants, and would be claimable should an heir be found.

A passing reference might also be made concerning lotteries — by which the State has benefited to a great extent, their abolition having, it is said, deprived the government of a revenue amounting to nearly three hundred thousand pounds a year — if merely to show that not only lucky legatees, but others, do not always utilize their windfalls properly. Some one has written, and with much truth, that it is just as well that fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the ugly, stupid, worthless persons on whom she occasionally showers her most precious gifts, the sight would annoy her so much that she would immediately scratch her

eyes out. An anecdote is related of a poor man who by a lottery ticket became the proprietor of several thousand pounds. He at once drove out in his carriage and began purchasing odd things right and left. Amongst other commodities, he packed into the interior a barrel of stout and some fitches of bacon; but to crown all, he bought an Alderney cow, and drove home with the animal hitched to the back of the vehicle. His relatives not unnaturally regarded all this with feelings akin to downright horror, and quickly commenced proceedings to have this lucky but amusingly eccentric individual judged insane. In this they succeeded.

Without a doubt, immense sums of money were raised by these State lotteries, and a great quantity of it remains unclaimed. The following entry occurs in an account published by the Bank of England and presented to Parliament: "Amount of balances of sums issued for payment of dividends due and not demanded, and for the payment of lottery prizes and benefits which had not been claimed, etc."

Much litigation, too, ensues respecting whimsical wills and ambiguous bequests. It is recorded of a rich old farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed a legacy of one hundred pounds to be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in case the widow married again, he at once doubled the sum; and when told that this was altogether contrary to custom, he said, with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor: "Ay; but look you here — him as gets her 'll honestly deserve it." Some years ago, an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in one-pound bank-notes. It is said a finer pair of paper-weights has never yet been heard of; for the eldest got fifty-one thousand two hundred pounds; and the younger and heavier of the two, fifty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-four pounds. A gentleman left two legacies to lying-in hospitals which appear to have had no existence; claimants were sought, but we never heard of any having been found. A general invitation to such institutions is sometimes given, as in the following advertisement: "Divers charitable institutions are invited to claim a share of a benevolent testator's residuary estate — including the temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. Write at once to Mr. Elsmore, Salt Lake City, Utah."

And the mention of a will recalls the



onerous duty of the executor; that is to say, the person intrusted to perform the will of the testator, and who rarely comes in for anything save worry and anxiety. We give an exception, however, which deserves a passing notice. In 1878, an old lady died at Brighton worth eleven thousand pounds. She left legacies to the amount of two thousand four hundred pounds, but no directions as to the disposal of the residue. The executors were her doctor and solicitor. On her death it turned out that she was illegitimate; and there being no next of kin, a question arose between the crown and the executors as to the disposal of the residue—some eight thousand pounds. It was decided that the executors were entitled to it.

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From The Spectator.  
THE PATHETIC ELEMENT IN  
LITERATURE.

THAT the literature of our own day is deficient in pathos must have been an observation often made by the critic; probably it has appeared before in these columns. We do not imagine that in the whole history of fiction so much wealth in every other kind of excellence has been ever before combined with so much poverty in this one. The works of George Eliot, for instance, present us with specimens of wit, humor, imagination, tragic power, poetry, and the most subtle and delicate observation. The one literary beauty which we should remark as lacking to them is pathos. Perhaps the exclusion may appear to imply some peculiar use of the word; and words are used so vaguely, that the attempt to confine it to its specific meaning may possibly be peculiar. We understand by it that slight, delicate touch which, reaching below the region of idiosyncrasies, and penetrating to the depths of purely human emotion, surprises the spring of tears; not, perhaps, bidding them flow—that depends on temperament—but rousing in every one the peculiar blending of emotion and sensation which tears manifest and relieve. It must be transient. The feeling it evokes is swallowed up immediately in something that is not itself. It hovers on the edge of pity, but as it passes into pity it ceases to be pathos. It is entangled with the web of memory, but when we take up that thread, the pathetic touch has ceased to vibrate. All that is strongly individual is

without it; it must be simple, it must be human, or indeed something wider than human, for it seems to us especially connected with the animal world, and one reason why we find none on the page of our great novelist is that the influence of a peculiar individuality is felt there too strongly. It is gone at the first approach of anything of the nature of analysis, and we question whether a certain sense of inadequacy be not inseparable from it. The feeling represented, at all events, must be always associated with a certain dumbness; it is the appeal that is made to us, whether in life, or in some representation of life, by a sorrow that reveals itself unconsciously. We mean of course unconsciously to the sufferer; it is not necessary that the *creator* of a pathetic work should be ignorant of what he does, though he often is so; as far as he stands outside the feelings he expresses, it is not necessary that this note should be sounded unconsciously more than any other; the indispensable condition is only that the reader should look at the sorrow from afar. As we try to describe the feeling, we are closely reminded of the etymological connection between *dimness* and *dumbness*. What we mean by pathos brings home to the mind of the person who feels it the sense of both these things; the clear daylight, the distinct utterance, effectually dispels it. Where eloquence begins, it ends.

Pathos, if we have rightly described it, is not pre-eminently the characteristic of any first-rate genius. To find a writer whose productions it characterizes, we must turn to some shy, reserved nature, with whom it is not merely a dramatic effect, but, what is a very different thing, an actual outcome of the character. And we do not, accordingly, find much of it in Shakespeare, in proportion to the wealth of every kind which we find in his works. But we may take from him specimens of the wealth in which he is poorest, and one scene from "King John," which will occur to every reader as an apparent refutation of the limitations we have given to the scope of pathos, affords, in fact, a good illustration of our meaning. The lament of Constance for Arthur is the specimen of pathos, perhaps, most universally appreciated, and it is undeniable that she cannot be called dumb; we have known her lament in dramatic representation made extremely clamorous, and though such a conception seemed to us very injurious to the beauty of the situation, it certainly did not destroy its tear-

compelling power. But no small part of the wonderful power of the picture seems to us to consist of the dumbness of Arthur, — the slightness and faintness of the sketch, the truth, in a certain sense, of his own words, —

Good, my mother, peace!

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

And in the case of Constance herself, our sympathy is solely with *the mother*. It is the purely human feeling — nay, it is the one emotion we share with the creatures below humanity — that is made interesting. If the reader imagines how an artist of lesser genius would have treated the grief of a bereaved mother, he will see that it is touched with wonderful temperance, though with such great impressiveness. The few lines beginning, "Grief fills the place up of my absent child," touch on the anguish of every bereaved heart; they open a vista for every reader to some remembered longing, they put before us the sorrow that belongs not to rich or poor, high or low, wise or foolish, but to all. And yet how few they are, how soon we turn to other things, how little is Shakespeare engrossed with that pathetic image! He gives us an indirect glance at it, and hurries on to the interests of a nation. It is interesting, in the case of the only dramatist who can be named on the same page with Shakespeare, to observe how the pathos of this indirect glance fades away, when it becomes direct. Antigone seems to us the grandest female figure in dramatic literature, but the only time she is brought forward in a pathetic light is in her first appearance as an unconscious child. Pathos cannot combine with the full diapason of tragic power; those flute-like notes are lost in any flood of harmony, their melody is soon over, but for the moment it must be heard alone.

The age which we should choose as richest in accessible specimens of pathos, the eighteenth century, is of itself a good illustration of the power that lies in this indirectness of attention. This period has of late been much rehabilitated, but its poetic claims have not yet been brought forward; and its best friends will confess that it was, on the whole, an age of prose. But the poetry of a prosaic age is exactly that which is most likely to be pathetic. It supplies the inevitable element of reserve — of dumbness, we would rather say — without which pathos is swallowed up in something beyond itself. And to take Gray as the type of this kind

of poetry, the few words of one of his friends quoted by Matthew Arnold, and recurrent in his essay on Gray as a sort of refrain — "he never spoke out" — express with wonderful happiness and simplicity not only the characteristic of a particular poet, but the characteristic of all to whom we should apply the epithet "pathetic." Hackneyed as they are (and it is a peculiar disadvantage to all pathetic poetry to be hackneyed), his "Elegy" and the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" keep for all readers that dim sense of far-off troubles and sorrows which seems to bring "some painless sympathy with pain." No poetry is more purely, abstractedly human; the dim vision of the cottage door gladdened by the father's return, of the playing-fields alive with schoolboys, touching as they do on the two extremes of society, contain nothing that is individual, nothing that is not absolutely common to humanity. Where Gray does diverge into individuality, he seems to us most unfortunate; and the picture of the indolent day-dreamer of whom we learn that "large was his bounty, and his soul sincere," while yet "he gave to misery all he had, a tear," exchanges poetry for something that, if we could forget its beauty of language, we should perceive to be twaddle. The whole interest of the poem is that common life is here, as it were, set to music. The dim, obscure lives of toil and privation are brought before us, not in their painful sordidness, and not in their arduous effort and meritorious success either, but in their broad human interest, as the lives of those bound together by strong affections, rejoicing in the daily meeting, busied with each other's needs, seeking on the bed of death a last glance from the eyes fullest of love. It takes nothing from the simplicity of this broad human interest that the words which call it up are essentially those of a scholar, and that we might restore some of its gems to their original setting on the page of Lucretius or Tacitus. On the contrary, it adds much to it. It gives that *indirectness* of attention which is what we want. Turn from Gray to Wordsworth, *concentrate* your attention on the lives of the poor, — you may gain much, but the pathetic touch is gone. If, for instance, any one fresh from the passage to which we have alluded should read Wordsworth's "Michael," which is nothing more than the hint at peasant life expanded into a little biography, and assert that he found as much pathos in the portrait as the sketch,

all we could say would be that he and we mean different things by the word. When we are invited to contemplate a specimen of humanity at that nearness in which we discern such special facts as that the parents were advanced in life when the son was born, and that they lost their money through the treachery of an acquaintance, we are apt to feel that the picture, being as individual as this, is not individual enough. The present writer, at least, confesses to feeling very often that Wordsworth has lost one excellence, and not fully gained the other.

The contrast between the two, at any rate, is an instructive one for our purpose. Wordsworth and Gray, from this point of view, may be considered as representing the nineteenth century and its predecessor. That Wordsworth was the greater poet (though that is at least not a disqualifying circumstance for this representation), we leave out of the question; we consider them only with regard to their contribution to this particular kind of literature. Wordsworth represents what is best in modern democracy. He looks at the poor not as the picturesque retainers, the grateful dependents of their social superiors; he sees in them specimens of humanity interesting on their own account, but he often fails to render his picture of them interesting, because he specializes what is characteristic of the class without specializing what is characteristic of the individual. Where he aims at pathos, he sometimes drops into prosaic triviality. We should have expected most of his readers to agree with us in thus describing his "Alice Fell," if Mr. Arnold had not included the verses in his selection from the poet. The attempt to describe in poetry such an incident as a child having her cloak caught in a coach-wheel and replaced by a benevolent passenger seems to us, we must say, in spite of this formidable vote on the opposite side, a very good illustration of what pathos is not. It might almost be set by the side of the caricature of Wordsworth in the "Rejected Addresses" as a specimen of what is puerile when it should be childlike. This incident is too trivial for the most passing allusion, but the homely, every-day sorrows of the poor may be most pathetic when shown us by the light of a far-off sympathy, transient as the gleam that fringes a flying shower, while yet it hammered at through six or seven verses they become simply tedious. *Describe* the incidents of village life at which the "Elegy" glances from afar, and you

have your choice between being tedious, and exchanging the broad human view for one that takes cognizance of idiosyncrasies; and Wordsworth seems to us so much afraid of the last alternative, that he has constantly chosen the first. If you expand the fitting subject for the allusion of half a line into a theme of a poem, you will in either case eliminate the pathetic element from it.

The contrast between the two poets brings out the explanation of our poverty in this direction, and its connection with the democratic spirit of our age. It is a twofold connection. In the first place, all literature feels the direct influence of the political spirit of the age. It is true that we should not expect the influence of democracy to be hostile to pathos; an attention to the needs of the poor and the obscure would appear, at first sight, its moral correlate, and this attention will be allowed to be a part of democracy by its bitterest enemies. Its very excellence is that it attends only to what is human in each of us, and demands no special claim of character and position before it will devote itself to remove grievances and mitigate suffering. Of course, this means attending *more* to the needs of the lowly than the exalted, for they are greater, and also they are the needs of the majority. This is a gain worth paying any price to secure. But, as a matter of fact, we do pay a price to secure all excellence; and the price we pay for a complete recognition of every need is, that we have somewhat lost the subtle power of emotion which belongs to an indirect expression of all dumb need. Gray represents the eighteenth-century glance at the life of the poor,—a glance full of sympathy, but essentially a glance from afar. They are still the *dumb* masses. They are certainly "our own flesh and blood," in the sense that they feel those sorrows and hopes which their poet feels also. "On some fond breast the parting soul relies," in the palace as well as the cottage. But they are hardly our own flesh and blood in Mr. Gladstone's sense. They are not beings whom we have any notion of calling into council as to the sanitary or educational arrangements which affect their welfare. From this point of view, the notion of helping them out of their dumbness, and endowing them with the franchise, must be allowed to strike the reader with horror. A neat, slated roof does not more disadvantageously replace what Gray carelessly calls a straw-built shed, than the new view of the agricultu-

ral laborer replaces the old, with regard to his place in poetry. Wordsworth does not regard him from this point of view exactly, but he is not so far from it as he is from the view of the predecessor with whom we contrast him. We feel that the Bastille has fallen, that the "Rights of Man" are in the air, that America has set an example of successful rebellion, that the first Reform Bill is on its way, — that democracy, in short, is a growing power. The poor are dumb no longer; they can occasionally be very tedious. We cannot look at a thing at the same time from at hand and from afar. The "humane century," as Mr. Frederic Harrison has called the eighteenth century, was just in time for its educated men to look at the poor with sympathy, and from afar. Earlier ages were too soon for the first; our own, and apparently all following ages, are too late for the last. The transition age supplies the elements of pathos.

It may seem to be putting a strain upon the theory of political life thus to connect it with literature, and that homely, everyday life which supplies literature with its subjects. But those who care least for politics are moulded by politics. That perennial life in which each one of us partakes, makes up in permanence what it lacks in vividness; its hopes and fears become our hopes and fears to some extent, and even they who turn away from all political interest and try to lose themselves in the past, discover in the echoes to which they cannot deafen their ears something that by its very continuity forces them to fear it or admire it, — somehow or other, to wish that this or that may come of it. However, it is not so much the direct influence of democratic feeling on literature that we would trace, as its influence on literature through the medium of the social life. The tendency of our age to leave nothing unsaid is impressed on our attention by every newspaper and almost every book we open, and is forced on our belief by its record on contemporary legislation. Why was obstruction never a part of the tactics of opposition until our own day? Not because people have suddenly discovered, as a truth of which their forefathers were ignorant, that while you insist on discussing a measure it cannot pass into a law, nor because members of Parliament are less high-minded than they were, but simply because the whole tone of general taste was in former days against such a method of procedure, and in our days is with it. The change is a

part of that democratic influence on the social code to which we have so often adverted, — a change which it seems to us those equally misinterpret who insist on labelling it as either good or bad. This particular side of it seems to us to be regretted, but it is inseparably associated with so much that is a cause of satisfaction, that we would rather speak of its dangers than its evils. It is intimately associated with what Carlyle meant by *veracity*. People are always mistaking unreserve for truthfulness, and if there were no connection between the two, they could not be confused. Our contemporary literature is marked by instances of this unreserve that would have been inconceivable to our grandfathers; an allusion to the legend of Godiva with which we remember a specimen of it being greeted many years ago, would have lost all its point by this time, so many have followed Godiva's example. And the fashion is reflected in fiction. Our greatest writer of fiction expresses all she means. Hers is not the art that calls up a train of suggestion with half a word, we never feel in closing the volume that she has roused a set of recollections in which the original note is drowned; her words linger in the memory with all the strong characteristics of their own individuality; but they stir no hidden spring, surprising the reader with the revelation of depths of emotion within, perhaps forgotten, perhaps never fully known. And the words which convey the writer's whole meaning, though they may convey it perfectly and admirably, can hardly, according to our understanding of the word, convey what we mean by pathos.

The loss of the pathetic element in literature is great. With it, we lock the door of escape from unendurable compassion, we forbid ourselves ever to contemplate pain without actually sharing it. We lose the medicine for many a sick mind, the spell that recalls without its bitterness many a bitter memory, the mediator that teaches us compassion for many a hated foe. We lose that refuge from the pressure of individual sorrow which is so little the discovery of a civilized age, that the singer whose words most recall it is the earliest known to our race, telling us how the obsequies of a hero released the tears they did not cause. "His loss the plea, the griefs they mourned their own." Nor let it be thought that we speak of a merely sentimental loss; the thing we describe is,

after all, the literary reflection of a view of the sorrows of life needed by all. What we can never forget, we must at times put far from us, and contemplate through the softening medium of thoughts that blend sorrow with hope. What pathos is in literature that resignation is in life, and if a democratic age fail to recognize the excellence of this virtue, it is because men forget that apart from it no manly effort is possible, and for the majority of lives, no sustained cheerfulness. They know it little who think it the foe of energy; the truth is, that energy loses half its efficacy in a nature that knows nothing of resignation. Do we mean to urge that the literary quality thus nobly related should be made a conscious effort? All we have said shows that we hold such an attempt to be self-defeating; at the first effort to attain pathos, it takes its inexorable flight. But we do not think that the endeavor to avoid its foes is equally vain, and the most deadly among them, that love of the ridiculous which is quite equally the foe of all humor, is what, for our own part, we feel among the most serious dangers of a democratic age. While the inquest over a heart-rending calamity is interrupted with laughter at every grotesque or absurd expression in the account of the disaster, while the pages of *Punch* are the chief study of the young in their leisure hours, and while the bracketed "laughter" in our Parliamentary reports calls the attention of the reader to statements in which there is no wit or pleasantry, or any possible source of them, we shall lose the pathetic element in literature, and a great many other good things also. Against this vulgarizing tendency of our time we would gladly see a strong and conscious effort, being certain that it would encourage not only those faculties which make literature pathetic, but also that it would reinforce the sources of all true humor, as much the friend to true pathos, as it is the foe of its vulgar and libellous caricature.

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From Nature.

#### WINTER LIFE AT FORT RAE.

It was not until the beginning of December that our winter really set in, but when it did so there was no mistake about it, as the first of the month began with the thermometer at  $-34^{\circ}$ , and except for some mild weather at Christmas, the cold

continued through that month. January was colder still, the thermometer once or twice approaching  $-50^{\circ}$ , but in the early part of February a violent storm was accompanied by a remarkable rise of temperature (to  $+20^{\circ}$ ), and followed by some mild weather, since which the thermometer has again fallen, reaching  $-39^{\circ}$  a couple of days ago.

This, however, I am informed by the inhabitants, is the mildest winter that has been known for many years, and I have no doubt that a temperature of  $-60^{\circ}$  is not uncommon in severe winters.

It is strange how much less one feels this extreme cold than might be imagined. For the first day or two it was unpleasant, but after that the system seemed to accommodate itself to it, so that a day when the temperature was anywhere above  $-15^{\circ}$  felt quite warm and pleasant. To-day, for instance, I am writing with my window open, although the thermometer is several degrees below zero, and there is a light breeze. There have been days, it is true, when — with the thermometer near  $-30^{\circ}$ , and a strong breeze blowing, filling the air with snowdrift like a dense fog — outdoor exercise was most unpleasant, probably resulting in a frozen face, but such days were not very numerous, a strong wind, even from the cold quarter (the northwest), sending the temperature up in a way that I cannot quite account for.

Now the climate reminds me of Davos Platz, the sun having considerable power; there is, however, more wind. Yesterday the black bulb *in vacuo* read  $82^{\circ}$ . The only drawback is the intense glare from the snow, which makes colored spectacles a necessity.

During the first part of the winter we were a little anxious about food, not that we were in any danger of starvation, as the Indians had brought in quantities of dried meat in the autumn, but dried meat is a most unpalatable article of diet, and requires strong teeth and a strong digestion; and then the fishery was not as productive as usual, and the daily produce of the nets (which are set under the ice) was gradually diminishing. At last, however, the deer made their appearance some forty miles from this, and since then our supplies of fresh meat have come in regularly. Rabbits, too, have lately become most numerous. These animals are the great resource of the Indians in times of scarcity, but they are not always plentiful. They are said to attain their maximum once in ten years, when they seem to



suffer from a disease which shows itself in lumps on their heads; the following year there is hardly a rabbit to be seen, and then they gradually increase for another ten years.

The winter has passed very uneventfully. On November 17 and two or three following days there were magnetic disturbances of great violence, due, no doubt, to the large sunspot. The displays of aurora at that time, however, were not of any remarkable brilliancy; we have had far brighter ones since, with far less magnetic disturbance. But as a rule the auroras have not been remarkable, though a night seldom or never passes without more or less—the brilliant colored ones one reads about are conspicuous by their absence. For the most part they are all of the same yellowish color, showing the single characteristic bright line in the spectroscope, but a bright aurora usually shows more or less prismatic coloring along the lower edge, with a spectrum sometimes of one or two additional bright lines, as a rule towards the violet end of the spectrum, though on one occasion I observed a bright band in the red.

Aurora is very rarely seen until night has quite set in, but on three occasions we have seen it shortly after sunset, and on these occasions it was of a reddish or copper color, as though partly colored by the sun's light; it must, I think, have been associated with thin cloud. Its motion and shape showed it to be aurora.

The terrestrial radiation thermometer placed on the snow generally showed a depression of from  $10^{\circ}$  to  $20^{\circ}$  on every calm, clear day throughout the winter, even by day when sheltered from the sun. The lowest readings were, as might be

expected, with the dry north-west wind. Sometimes the first warning of an impending change of wind to the south-east was given by a rise of this thermometer before the barometer was affected.

A thermometer suspended on the outer wall of the observatory at times read  $9^{\circ}$  or  $10^{\circ}$  lower than one in the screen, owing to radiation, and I think that the common practice of exposing unsheltered thermometers may explain some of the low temperatures sometimes reported from this country.

Our daily routine of observations goes on very regularly. Lately wolves have taken to prowling about the neighborhood, and the observer on duty goes to visit the thermometers armed with a huge club; of course a gun or axe cannot be allowed near the observatory on account of the magnetic instruments.

A remarkable epidemic of influenza made its appearance here in January. We first heard of it among the Indians far to the north-west of this. When it arrived here it attacked every soul in the place—Indians and whites—fortunately in a very mild form, and we hear that Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, suffered in the same way. Such an occurrence is most unusual in this country. With this exception we have all enjoyed good health.

We expect the ice to break up about the middle of June, and then will come the reign of the mosquitoes, which make the summer the most disagreeable season of the year in this country. Fortunately they do not last long in this latitude, and by the end of August, when we set out on our homeward journey, they will be over.

HENRY P. DAWSON.

Fort Rae, March 25.

**TREES AND SMOKE.**—A recent investigation by Herr Reuss, of the injury done to trees by the smoke of smelting-works in the Upper Hartz region, yields the following among other results. The smoke is injurious, he states, mainly by reason of its sulphuric acid. All trees are capable of absorbing a certain quantity of this through the leaves, whereby they are rendered unhealthy, and often killed. Their growth in the smoke is irregular and difficult. Leafy trees, especially the oak, resist the smoke better than the Coniferæ. No species requiring humus or mineral rich soils prosper in

those regions. The oak seems really the only tree that can be successfully grown. Trees that have been injured by the smoke are not exempt from injury by beetles. All smelting authorities should unite in effort to prevent this injury to vegetation. By instituting sulphuric acid manufactories, effecting condensation of the smelting vapors, the evil may be greatly reduced, and brought to a minimum. Places cleared of vegetation by the smoke may be brought under cultivation again after removal of the injurious cause. (Herr Reuss's report appears in full in *Dingler's Journal*.)